DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 188 770 PS 011 538

AUTHOR	Schau, Candace Garrett: Kahn, Lynne
TITLE	Broadening Children's Stereotypes About Sex-Requirements for Adult Occupations: A Small Grant Intervention Strategy.
SPONS AGENCY	Office of Education (DHEW), Washington, D.C.
PUB DATE	[76]
NOTE	262p.
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC11 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	Action Research: Age Differences: *Attitude Change: Change Strategies: Diffusion: *Elementary School Students: Females: *Intervention: Males: *Occupations: Publications: Resource Materials: *School Personnel: *Sex Stereotypes: Workshops

ABSTRACT

The empirical phase of this two-phased project was focused on identifying children's sex-stereotypes about adult occupations and testing the use of role-reversed stories as a method of modifying those attitudes within school settings. Subjects were first through fifth grade children from each of a suburban, a small town and a rural school. Children were pretested with an instrument designed to measure children's attitudes about who "can" do various jobs. First, third and fifth grade children were randomly selected for an experimental treatment consisting of a series of stories about characters in each of four occupations. Children in a control group continued their regular school activities. Post tests asking both "can" and "should" questions were administered two weeks after treatment and, in one school, after approximately one year. Findings indicate that models can affect children's attitudes toward gender stereotypes, but long term or repeated exposure to the nontraditional models is likely to be necessary to produce significant or permanent change. Project dissemination phase activities intervened in the stereotyping process by acquainting school personnel with the findings of this study (contained in articles prepared for journal publication) and by training them (through workshops and presentations) to help children develop flexible ideas about women and men in various jobs. Including the stories about occupations, materials related to both phases of the project are appended. (Author/RH)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ED188770

CE

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH,
EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF
EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY

BROADENING CHILDREN'S STEREOTYPES ABOUT SEX-REQUIREMENTS FOR ADULT OCCUPATIONS: A SMALL GRANT INTERVENTION STRATEGY

Prepared by:

Candace Garrett Schau, University of New Mexico

Lynne Kahn, Indiana University

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Janet
Whitla
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare
Joseph A. Califano, Jr., Secretary

Mary F. Berry, Assistant Secretary for Education

Office of Education

Ernest L. Boyer, Commissioner

PS011538

The activity which is the subject of this report was supported in whole or in part by the Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. However, the opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the position or policy of the Office of Education, and no official endorsement by the Office of Education should be inferred.

MAY 1 1980

INTRODUCTION

The purposes of this small grant were threefold: (1) to identify the nature of elementary school children's gender-stereotypes about adult occupations; (2) to determine the effectiveness of role-reversed stories in modifying these stereotypes; and (3) to disseminate successful procedures for modifying these stereotypes to school personnel. The project had two phases. The empirical phase encompassed the first two objectives. The dissemination phase included the third objective.

EMPIRICAL PHASE: IDENTIFYING AND MODIFYING CHILDREN'S SEX STEREOTYPES ABOUT ADULT OCCUPATIONS

To help broaden female occupational aspirations and to guarantee freedom to pursue various occupations regardless of gender, females' and males' attitudes must be changed. Males currently outnumber females in power positions and hence have a great deal of control over hiring and promoting people. To insure opportunity for women, men need to hold flexible attitudes. In addition, girls and boys are educated together. Methods of reducing sex-role stereotyping in the schools that are appropriate for both sexes have more impact and are easier to use than those that are appropriate for only one sex. Thus, this project examined the development and change of sex-typed occupational attitudes in both sexes.

Literature Review and Purpose

Stereotypic sex differences in the careers children chose are evident as early as preschool age. Siegel (1973), for example, found second grade boys choosing twice as many future vocational options as girls, with 60% of the girls choosing teacher or nurse. With 3 to 6 year old subjects, Beuf (1974) found that girls overwhelmingly chose nurturance-oriented jobs while boys selected primarily adventuresome occupations such as police officer, cowboy, or sports superstar. Further supporting this trend, Vondracek and Kirchner (1974) found that preschool girls aspired to the parent role as a preferred "occupation" significantly more often than did their male peers. In studies asking elementary school children to rate adult occupations as to their sex-appropriateness, Schlossberg and Goodman (1972) and Garrett, Ein, and Tremaine (1977) found few occupations rated as appropriate for women, but many rated as appropriate for men.

Older children are more flexible in sex-typing adult jobs than younger children. For example, Shepard and Hess (1975) found increasing liberality, operationally defined as the belief that both sexes should do a job, from kindergarten to eighth grade. Similarly, Garrett, Ein, and Tremaine (1977, 1978) reported decreasing rigidity in occupational sex-stereotyping from early to late elementary school.

Social learning and cognitive developmental theories agree that models are an important source of cultural information (Bandura, 1971; Kohlberg, 1966). Social learning proponents have emphasized that both live and symbolically-represented models affect chilren's behavior (Bandura & Mischel, 1965; Bandura, Ross, & Ross, 1963). Of particular relevance is Bandura's assertion (1971) that "in many instances, people pattern their behavior after models presented in verbal or pictorial form" (p. 2).

It is obvious that books are prominent vehicles for verbally and pictorially-presented models in school children's lives. Several content analyses of children's books have shown that the culture's traditional sex-role stereotypes about behaviors, attitudes, and occupations are presented by the books' authors and illustrators (e.g., Stefflre, 1969; Women on Words and Images, 1972).

Empirical research on the effects of reading materials on changing children's attitudes and behaviors has produced mixed results. Some studies have shown that the content in books does affect children's attitudes. Litcher and Johnson (1969) were able to favorably change second graders' attitudes toward Blacks with the use of a multiethnic reading series over four months. Barclay (1974) found that a series of stories about working women decreased the rigidity of kindergarten girls' perceptions of appropriate women's work. In a similar study with preschool children, Flerx, Fidler, and Rogers (1976) showed that five thirty-minute reading sessions with books portraying egalitarian roles increased the children's egalitarian attitudes about peer and adult activities and personality characteristics.

Other studies were less successful in their attempts to change children's attitudes or behaviors using models presented in stories. Garrett, Ein, and Tremaine (1978) used one role-reversed story about each of ten occupations; the main character in each story was of the opposite sex from the elementary-school aged children's attitudes about sex requirements for those jobs. The use of the stories did not change the children's attitudes. Fischer and Torney (1976) verbally presented one story, which showed models engaging in either dependent or independent behaviors, to preschool children. This exposure did not affect the children's dependant behavior as measured by time elapsed before asking for help with a difficult problem.

An analysis of these studies suggests several important areas for further study. First, the number of stories used and/or the length of time the children spend in reading or listening to them appears important. Second, the content of the stories, aside from the directly-manipulated aspects such as role-reversal that are supposed to change attitudes, needs attention. If the goal is long-term and significant attitude or behavior change, the use of existing stories in which only the sex (e.g., Garrett, Ein, and Tremaine, 1978) or the race (e.g., Litcher & Johnson, 1969) of some of the characters are changed is not likely to accomplish this goal (see Garrett, Ein, and Tremaine, 1978, for further discussion of this important educational issue). Third, the samples of children that have been studied tend to be white, middle-class children from one school setting in one town or city. The samples used in attitude studies need to be extended to children with other cultural backgrounds in several locations.

The empirical phase of this project was designed to identify children's sex-stereotypes about adult occupations and to test the use of role-reversed stories as a method of modifying those attitudes within school settings.

Methodology

The subjects were first through fifth grade children from an upper-middle class suburban school (615 children), a rural school (231 children), and a middle-class small town school (277 children). Thus, the study was replicated with three samples of children from varying cultural backgrounds in different locations. The great majority of the children were Anglo.

Approximately half of the children of each sex at each grade level at each school were randomly selected and pretested with an instrument designed to measure children's attitudes about who "can" do various jobs (see Appendix A for a copy of the instrument). The pretests were administered by at least one male and one female experimenter to groups of approximately thirty children each. The experimenters first defined "can" for the children as meaning "that a person has the ability to do an activity, or that a person knows how or is able to learn how to do the activity if the person wants to." The children were then told that they were going to be asked about who they thought can do various jobs. They were assured that there were no right or wrong answers; each child was free to have their own ideas. To be certain that even the youngest children were competent in using the answer sheets, the experimenters discussed the response options and several example items with the groups before beginning the actual pretest items.

Of the twenty-one occupations on the instrument, seven were male-stereotyped, seven were female stereotyped, and seven were neutral, as rated by elementary school children in a previous study (Garrett, Ein, and Tremaine, 1977). In response to the question "Who can be (each job) ?," the children were provided with five pictorially represented options. They were: only women (shown by four female faces), more women than men (shown by three female and one male face), about the same number of men and women (shown by two female and two male faces), more men than women (shown by three male and one female face), and only men (shown by four male faces). Each of the twenty-one occupations was defined by the experimenter as each item was orally presented (see Appendix A).

Approximately half of the children of each sex in the first, third, and fifth grades at each school were randomly selected to serve as treatment subjects. The treatment consisted of a series of stories about characters in each of four occupations; these occupations were highly sex-stereotyped by elementary school children in a pilot study (Garrett, Ein, and Tremiane, 1977, 1978). The main characters were of the opposite sex from these stereotypes; the stories were about a female firefighter, a female ship captain, a male nurse, and a male airplane attendant. These characters were developed with the characterisitics that modeling literature suggests are most salient to children. They were created to display, for example, friendliness, fairness, physical attractiveness, warmth, and good humor, and to be active, healthy, dependable, and cooperative (e.g., Jenkin & Vroegh, 1969). In a series of five stories about each character, the children were first introduced to the character as a positive person, then informed of the interest in the role-reversed occupation, and finally entertained with the character's exploits in the chosen field (see Appendix B for copies of the stories).

Two versions of the stories were written. One version was at a level appropriate to be read aloud to first graders and read by third graders. The second version was at a fifth-grade reading level.

Regular classroom teachers in the first, third, and fifth grades at each school administered the story treatment at the rate of one story per school day for four consecutive weeks. Minor variations occurred due to scheduling and weather problems. The teachers were provided with several procedural options, to help the project resemble "normal school" as much as possible. They could: play tape recordings of male and female voices reading the stories aloud; read the stories out loud to the children; or in the third and fifth grades, have the children read the stories either out loud or silently. The teachers were instructed to review the previous day's story with the class at the beginning of each reading session to facilitate comprehension, as the series were written in a serial manner. Following the stories each day, the children answered comprehension questions which tested for knowledge of the events in the stories. On Friday of each week, after the final story about a character, the children answered follow-up questions that dealt with their feelings about the character and her/his choice of an occupation (see Appendix C for copies of the comprehension questions).

Children in the control group continued their regular school activities. The posttest was administered in the same manner as the pretest approximately one to two weeks after the treatment. The jobs on the posttest were identical to these on the pretest, but the posttest asked both who "can" and who "should" do each of the twenty-one jobs. "Should" was defined for the children as asking "if it is a good idea for the person to do an activity." Order of can and should was balanced across sex, pretest, grade, treatment group, and school.

Approximately one year after the posttest a follow-up measure was taken on the first, second, third, and fifth graders at one of the schools. The instrument used originally for the pretesting was readministered.

Results and Discussion

To use the items on this scale as a measure of the extent of the children's sex-typing of occupations, any item given a rating of four by a child was recoded as two while any item given five was recoded as one. Thus, each child's score on each item ranged from one, extremely sex-typed (the child chose "only women" or "only men" for the item) through two, moderately sex-typed (the child chose "more women than men" or "more men than women"), to three, not sex-typed (the child chose "about the same number of women and men").

Instrument Reliability

Internal consistency for "can" was .91, for "should" was .96, and for both combined was .95.

Posttest

Multivariate analyses of variance were performed using the four treatment occupations as dependent variables in one analysis and the seventeen remaining non-treatment occupations as dependent variables in a second analysis. The factors in the analysis were pretest, order of can and should, sex, grade, and treatment. Each school was analyzed separately. Because of the complexity of the design and the limitations of the available computer programs, "should" and "can" could not be analyzed as repeated measures. They were therefore analyzed separately as if they were two independent full factorial designs. A third analysis looked at the difference scores between "can" and "should" to approximate a repeated measures analysis.

For both the "can" and the "should" items, the treatment groups' ratings of the treatment jobs were significantly more neutral than the control groups'. This significant treatment effect did not generalize, however, to the non-treatment jobs. There were no grade or sex by treatment interactions; the treatment was effective for both sexes and for all three age groups at all three schools.

In all cases the children were more stereotyped in their "should" responses than in their "can" responses; that is, they believed that men and women had the ability to do jobs that the children did not believe it was a good idea for them to really do.

A significant order of "can" and "should" effect in all three schools revealed that when the children were asked "can" first their "should" responses were more stereotyped than when they were asked "should" items first. In the same manner, when the children were asked "can" first, their "can" responses were also more stereotyped than when they answered the "can" items following the "should" items. The order effect can best be understood by thinking of the second set of items as seen in contrast to the first set. After answering the "can" items, the children responded to the "shoulds" with contrastingly rigid stereotyping. In the second case, responding to the "should" items first accentuated the contrasting neutrality of the "can" items.

For both the "can" and the "should" items, and for both the treatment and the non-treatment occupations, children became more flexible in their gender stereotyping with increasing age. This finding is consistent with cognitive developmental theory; children can be expected to become more cognitively flexible and better able to deal with complex categorization systems with age.

There were no significant sex differences.

Comprehension Questions

Pearson product moment correlations were computed between the numbers of correct comprehension items each child scored and the degree of stereotyping she/he displayed on the posttest, and between the number of days present for the treatment and level of posttest stereotyping. These correlations were both significant and positive. Although they were not large enough to account for the majority of the variance in the posttest scores, the positive correlations lend support to the social learning theory of cumulative and incremental effects of learning. The better the comprehension of the stories and the larger the number of stories read or heard, the greater was the treatment effect.

Analyses of variance were run on each of the items on the instrument administered on the last days of each story series. Children in the control group also answered these items concerning attitudes toward the four occupations, so the analysis was run with the independent variables of treatment group, sex, and grade.

There were significant treatment differences on most of the items, with the treatment group feeling that members of all four occupations worked harder than the control group felt they worked; that airplane attendants, ship captains, and nurses earned more money than the controls thought they earned; that airplane attendants and nurses had to be stronger than the controls thought they had to be; and that being an airplane attendant or a nurse was a more important job than the control group felt it was. The treatment group also was significantly less stereotyped in terms of which sex "should" and which sex "really can" do each of the four jobs.

Significant grade differences were found on almost all of the items; younger children were more extreme in their ratings of necessary strength and intelligence needed for the jobs and estimated income, difficulty, and importance of the jobs. As on the posttest instrument, the older children were more flexible than the younger children on the items concerning who "should" and who "really can" do the jobs.

One-year Follow-up

Analysis on the follow-up data was done in a similar manner to the posttest data, but with only "can" items. A multivariate analysis was run on all twenty-one dependent variables with the factors of practice (how many times the child had responded to the instrument: once, only the follow-up; twice, the posttest and the follow-up; or three times, the pre, post, and follow-up), grade, and sex.

Significant practice effects were found with the flexibility of stereotyping increasing with practice on the instrument across all age levels. If considered from a cognitive developmental viewpoint, it could be speculated that experience with responding to the instrument might be disequilibrating enough to stimulate accomodation toward cognitive flexibility and more complex categorization systems. Thus, the instrument itself changed children's attitudes toward increasing flexibility.

The significant grade effect on the follow-up measure showed the same pattern as that on the posttest: increasing flexibility in gender requirements with age. Again, there were no significant sex differences.

A separate analysis was run on the data from the second grade children to discover if those receiving the treatment the previous year as first graders retained their significantly more flexible attitudes. The other children who had read the series of stories, now fourth and sixth graders, were not available for retesting. The second graders did not show any remaining treatment effects on the treatment or non-treatment jobs one year following the stories.

Summary of Empirical Phase

To briefly summarize the major findings of the empirical phase: 1) the role-reversed story treatment (20 stories given over four weeks) significantly decreased the rigidity of children's attitudes about who "can" and who "should" do the four treatment jobs; 2) the stories only affected the children's attitudes about the specific occupations contained in the stories, not about any other occupations; 3) older children had more flexible occupational sex-stereotypes than younger children across the elementary school years; 4) children's ideas about who "should" do various jobs were more rigidly stereotyped than their attitudes about who "can" do the jobs; 5) the number of stories read and the level of comprehension were related to the degree of attitude change toward greater flexibility; 6) the group who heard/read the role-reversed stories ascribed greater status to the treatment jobs, especially the female stereotyped jobs, than did the group who did not read the stories; 7) at least for a small group of first graders, the treatment effects were no longer present one year after the treatment; and 8) these effects were found at all three schools.

These results support the notion that models can affect children's attitudes toward gender stereotypes, but they also make very clear the necessity for long term or repeated exposure to nontraditional models before attitudes will be significantly or permanently changed.

DISSEMINATION PHASE: DEVELOPING THE KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL BASE IN TEACHERS TO POSITIVELY MODIFY CHILDREN'S OCCUPATIONAL SEX-STEREOTYPES USING ROLE-REVERSED STORIES

For the educational system to encourage positive change in children's occupational attitudes, school personnel must know the content of various groups of children's occupational stereotypes, how children's stereotypes change as they grow older, and how they can influence this change. The empirical portion of this project provided the needed knowledge base. The dissemination portion was designed to intervene in the stereotyping process by acquainting school personnel with this information and training them to help children develop flexible ideas about women and men in various jobs. This information was disseminated through two primary mechanisms: articles in journals and workshops/presentations.

Articles for Educational Personnel

The staff has completed an article for a teachers' journal. The article was written by the director, the assistant director, and two other people who have been teachers of children. It will be submitted to a journal shortly (see Appendix D for a copy of the article).

Copies of the article and of an evaluation form for the article were given to the teachers in the three participating schools (see Appendix E for the evaluation form). We repeatedly called and visited the schools to obtain the completed forms. Although the schools indicated that they were working on the forms, they were not returned.

We also are writing an article based on the project for a research journal, such as Child Development or the Journal of Educational Psychology. The portion of this final report that describes the empirical phase of the project will serve as the basis for that article.

A description of the instrument that was used to measure children's sex-stereotypes about occupations has been published (Garrett & Kahn, 1977).

The Project Director will provide single, free copies of those articles, the instrument, and the role-reversed stories to people who request them.

Workshops and Presentations

Workshops of approximately one hour duration were planned for the teachers in the participating schools. The goals of these sessions were two-fold: to share the results of the empirical phase of the project and to receive feedback from the teachers on the use of the role-reversed stories in their classrooms.

The workshops began with a ten minute introduction outlining the background and rationale for the project. The participating teachers then responded to the occupational stereotypes instrument as they predicted that the students in their respective grade levels had responded (see Appendix F for a copy of this instrument). As we presented the children's responses, discussion focused on the discrepancies between the teachers' predictions and the children's actual ratings (see Appendix F for an example copy of the chart we used to visually show the children's attitudes before and after using the stories). Teachers were given the opportunity to give suggestions and evaluative comments concerning the stories, the use of non-sexist written materials in general, and so on. We then gave the teachers forms to use in evaluating the workshop and the project itself (see Appendix E for copies).

Although this workshop was planned and scheduled in all three schools, only one took place. Even in that one, we could not follow the workshop outline because the principal had selected just four teachers to attend. We did not know this until we entered the school to start the workshop.

When we first arranged to do the projects in these schools, the teachers in all three expressed concern about receiving feedback from us on the project. However, when it came to giving up an hour of their time to participate in a workshop designed for that purpose, teachers in two of the schools were unwilling to do so. We even rescheduled the workshops in those two schools three different times. We did distribute the evaluation forms for the project itself; they were not returned.

The problems we had are not unique to us or to our project. Both of the authors teach pre- and in-service courses to teachers and do research in the public schools. It is clear to us that public school teachers are often so busy and so disenchanted that they are very apathetic about anything that does not instantly benefit them. Our suggestion to other people who want to hold workshops for teachers in the public schools is to either pay them or arrange for them to receive credit for attending. Preschool/daycare teachers, on the other hand, are often anxious to participate in workshops, receive materials, provide assistance, and so on.

Although we were not successful in holding local workshops, we gave two presentations about our project at national conferences. One was a roundtable discussion given at the annual meeting of the American Educational Research Association (Ein & Garrett, 1977). The second was a paper (Kahn, 1977) presented as part of a symposium chaired by the Project Director at the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association (Garrett, 1977). The Project Director will be giving another paper at the coming annual meeting of the American Educational Research Association (Garrett, 1978). In addition, the Project Director is giving a presentation to a large group of New Mexico educators at a state educators' conference (Garrett, 1978). Since this project was completed in Indiana, these four presentations are important in giving the project national dissemination.

Summary of Dissemination Phase

To briefly summarize the results of the dissemination phase: 1) a description of our instrument has been published; 2) we have written an article for a teacher journal and will be submitting it shortly; 3) we have written a draft of an article for a research journal and will soon submit it for publication; 4) we gave a workshop in only one of the schools that participated in the project since the teachers in the other two schools were not interested in attending; 5) we will be presenting the project at a state-wide educators' conference; and 6) we have given two presentations on the project at national conferences and have scheduled a third.

Appendix A

"Children's Sex-Stereotyping of Adult Occupations"

Copy of the accompanying language
lessons, directions, questions, and
an example answer sheet

CHILDREN'S SEX-STEREOTYPES OF ADULT OCCUPATIONS

by

Candace Garrett Schau
Department of Educational Foundations
College of Education
University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, NM 87131

Lynne Kahn
Department of Educational Psychology
Indiana University
Bloomington, IN 47401

The research involving the scale was supported in part by a Spencer Foundation grant, an Indiana University Summer Faculty Fellowship, and a Women's Educational Equity Act Program grant.

Copyright 1978 by Schau

Part I:

Can-Is-Should Language Lesson

Hi. I am __________ and this is __________. We need your help. But first, let's do a languege lesson about the words "can," "should," and "is" (write on blackboard in capital letters).

This is a tall tree (draw). This is Johnny/Janie, who is five years old (draw).

Is Johnny/Janie climbing in the tree? No.

Can Johnny/Janie climb into it? That means, does she/he have the ability to? Yes, if she/he wants to.

Should Johnny/Janie climb into the tree and touch the nest? That means, is it a good idea for him/her to do that? No. Why?

Let's try another.

When you are at school for lunch, do you brush your teeth after eating? No.

Can you brush your teeth after eating lunch at school? No, unless you have a toothbrush.

Should you brush your teeth after eating lunch at school? Yes.

Here's another.

Do you throw snowballs at cars on a summer's day? No.

Can you throw snowballs at cars on a summer's day? No.

Should you throw snowballs at cars on a summer's day? No.

So "is" means that in real life a person does the activity. (Is Johnny/Janie climbing the tree? No. Do you throw snowballs at cars on a summer's day? No.)

Part II:

Directions for Occupation Instrument

Write or print your name on the front page of your booklet next to the space marked "Name." On the same page, if you are a boy, put an X on the boy's face. Like this (show on poster). If you are a girl, put an X on the girl's face, like this (show on poster). Put a _____ in the space marked "Grade."

Today we are going to ask you questions about jobs that adults do. I will read a definition of each job. After you hear the definition, read the question on your answer sheet about the job. The question will ask either "Who do you think CAN do the job" or "Who do you think SHOULD do the job." "Can" or "should" will be in all capital letters and underlined. Raise your hand if you have questions. This is not a test; we just want to know what you think about each job.

Is this a man's head or a woman's head (hold up picture)? Yes, it is a woman's head. Is this a man's head or a woman's head? Yes, it is a man's head. So this one stands for women and this one for men.

The possible answers to each question are always the same. There are five answers that you can choose from (show on poster). The first is "only women." If that is your answer, put an X on the box with the four women's faces that says "only women." The second answer you can choose is "more women than men." If this is your answer, mark the box with three women's faces and one man's face that contains the words "more women than men." The third answer is "about the same number of women and men." If this is your answer, mark the box with two women's faces and two men's faces that contains the words "about the same number of women and men." The fourth possible answer is "more men than women." If this is your answer, mark the box that has three men's faces and one woman's face that says "more men than women." The last answer is "only men." If you choose this one, mark the box that contains four men's faces and says "only men."

Let's do a few examples out loud.

& 2nd
des
y

[Hold up the hand you use to write or print. Now, take the other hand and put your finger down next to the A. This will help you keep your place.]

Look at the line of faces on the first page of your booklet next to the A (show on poster). This is an easy one. "Mothers are ladies who have children." Look at the question on your booklet. It says, "Who do you think CAN be mothers?" (Elicit response from class). Good. Only women can be mothers. Put an X on the box that shows four women's faces and says "only women" (show).

From now on, there are no correct or wrong answers; it is just your own idea that's important.

[Now put your finger next to B.] Look at example B. Cowhands are people who work on ranches where cattle are raised. The question asks, "Who do you think CAN be cowhands?" If you think that only men can be cowhands, mark the box with the four men's faces (show on poster). If you think that more men than women can be cowhands, mark the box with three men's faces and one woman's face. If you think that about the same number of men and women can be cowhands, mark the box with two men's faces and two women's faces. If you think that more women than men can be cowhands, mark the box with three women's faces and one man's face. If you think that only women can be cowhands, mark the box with four women's faces. I think that more men than women can be cowhands. Where should I make my mark? Here? Here? Here, because there are three men's faces and one woman's face and it says "more men than women." What did you mark? Why? (Discuss the answers.)

Let's try example C. [On the same page of your booklet, put your finger next to the C (write on board).] College professors are people who teach students at college. Read the question. What does it say? "Who do you think SHOULD be college professors?" Mark the box with the faces that you think describes who SHOULD be college professors. All finished? Any questions? If you ever have questions, raise your hand and one of us will help you. Don't look at your neighbor's paper or talk to your neighbor.

Turn to page 2 [and put your finger next to the 1]. Don't say anything out loud; just mark your answer to the question on your answer sheet after I read about each job. I will tell you when to turn each page so we can all stay together.

Part III:

Occupation and Instrument

To the administrator: Read the number of the job and the job description. Then ask "Who do you think (can or should) be (job name)?" Go through all 21 jobs asking for either can or should stereotypes; then repeat all 21 asking for the other stereotypes.

1. Sewing machine operators are people who sew clothing on machines to sell to other people.
2. Fire fighters work at putting out fires.
3. Airplane pilots are people whose job is flying airplanes.
4. Grade school teachers are people who teach kindergarten or one of the first six grades.
5. Nurses help take care of people when they're hurt or sick.
6. Store salespeople work in shops or stores selling things to their customers.
7. Train engineers are people who are paid to drive trains.
8. Elevator operators are people who are paid to run elevators, taking people up and down in tall buildings.
9. Mail carriers bring mail to homes and businesses.
10. Ballet dancers are people who work performing for others by dancing gracefully to music.
11. Writers are people whose job is using written words to tell others about their thoughts and feelings. They write books, stories, plays, and poems.
12. Carpenters are people who make things out of wood to sell.
13. Librarians are people who work in libraries checking books in and out.
14. House cleaners are people who are paid to keep other people's houses clean.

15. Secretaries are people who work in offices answering telephones, typing letters and papers, and greeting visitors to their offices.

16. Plumbers are people who fix pipes in houses and other buildings.

17. Football coaches are people who coach football teams.

18. Restaurant cooks are people who fix meals for the restaurant's customers.

19. Bus drivers are people who drive buses, collect tickets or money, and give directions and information to the passengers.

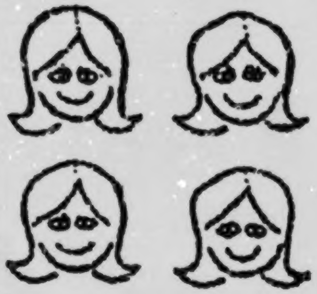
20. Ship captains are people who are in charge of large boats.

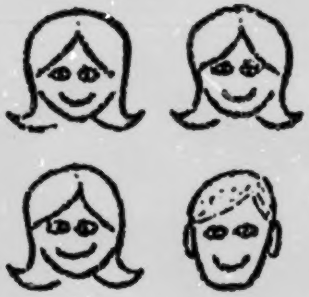
21. Airplane attendants work on airplanes serving food and drinks. They make sure the passengers are safe and comfortable.

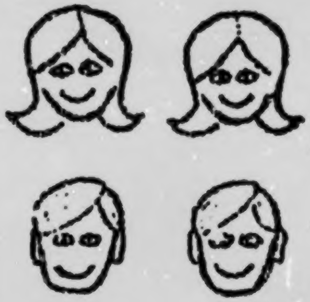
Part IV:

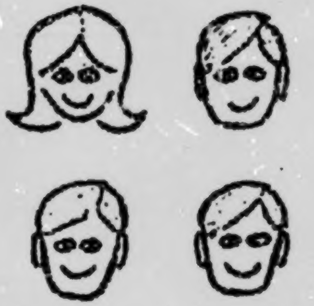
Example Pages From Answer Sheet

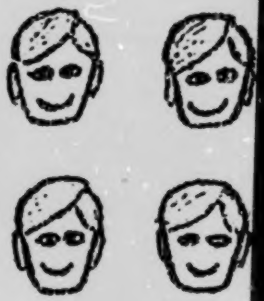
3. Who CAN be airplane pilots?


ONLY WOMEN

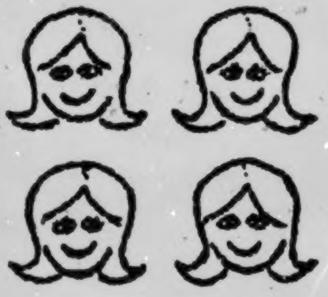

MORE WOMEN THAN MEN

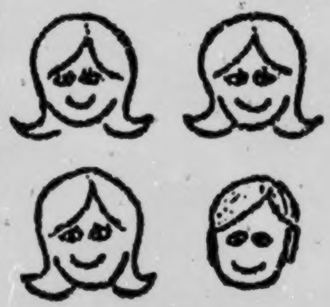

ABOUT THE SAME NUMBER OF WOMEN AND MEN

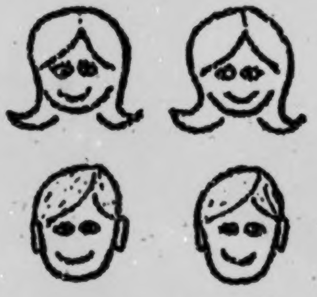

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN

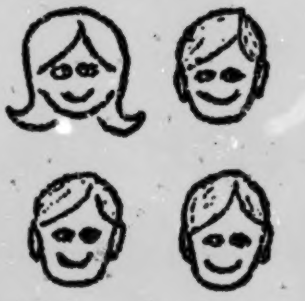

ONLY MEN

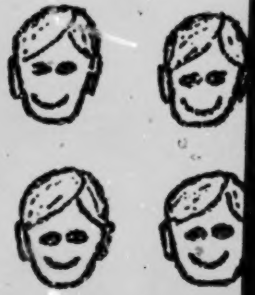
4. Who CAN be grade school teachers?


ONLY WOMEN

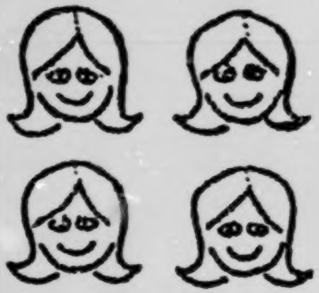

MORE WOMEN THAN MEN

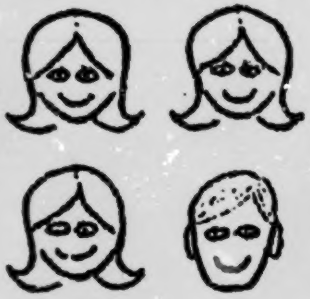

ABOUT THE SAME NUMBER OF WOMEN AND MEN

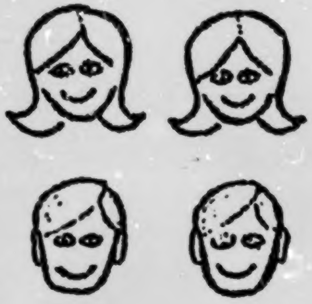

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN

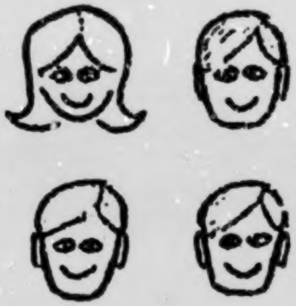

ONLY MEN

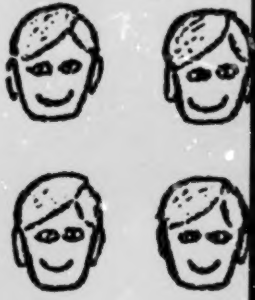
5. Who SHOULD be nurses?


ONLY WOMEN

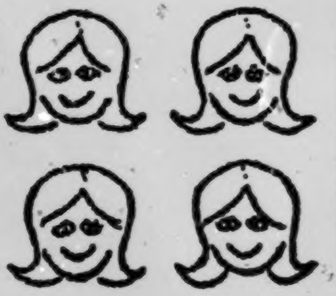

MORE WOMEN THAN MEN

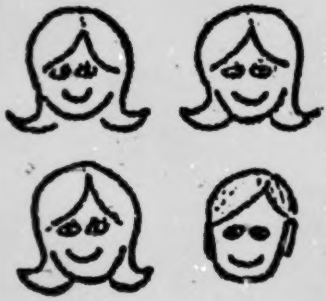

ABOUT THE SAME NUMBER OF WOMEN AND MEN

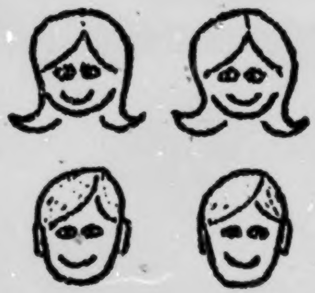

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN

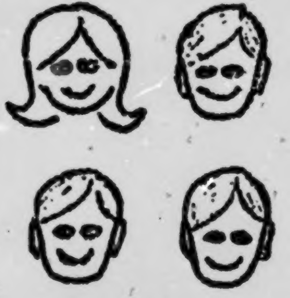

ONLY MEN

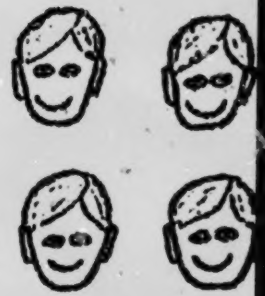
6. Who SHOULD be store salespeople?


ONLY WOMEN


MORE WOMEN THAN MEN


ABOUT THE SAME NUMBER OF WOMEN AND MEN


MORE MEN THAN WOMEN


ONLY MEN

Appendix B

Copies of the two versions of the role-reversed occupation stories

WHEN I GROW UP ...

A group of nonsexist stories about occupations
for children in fourth through sixth grades

by

Candace Garrett Schau

and

Lynne Kahn

and

their friends*

*Janet Alexander, Gay Emlen, Rhonda Golden, Nancy Richardson, and others

For additional copies of these stories, contact

Dr. Candace Garrett Schau
Educational Foundations Department
College of Education
University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87131

copyright 1978 by Candace Schau

Contents

Story 1. When I Grow Up, I Want To Be A Firefighter

- Chapter 1. Engine #22
- Chapter 2. The Rescue
- Chapter 3. The Team of Volunteers
- Chapter 4. The Grandville Volunteers
- Chapter 5. Getting a Full-Time Job

Story 2. When I Grow Up, I Want To Be A Nurse

- Chapter 1. Bill Makes a Decision
- Chapter 2. Two Good Jobs for Bill
- Chapter 3. The Pediatrics Floor
- Chapter 4. Life and Death
- Chapter 5. A Final Decision

Story 3. When I Grow Up, I Want To Be A Ship Captain

- Chapter 1. The Virginia Bay Marina
- Chapter 2. An Exciting Summer
- Chapter 3. Captain Angela Golden
- Chapter 4. Hawaii At Last!
- Chapter 5. Heading Towards Home

Story 4. When I Grow Up, I Want To Be An Airplane Attendant

- Chapter 1. The Airport Restaurant
- Chapter 2. John's New Job
- Chapter 3. South of the Border
- Chapter 4. A Change in Flight Plan
- Chapter 5. Camping in the Mountains

"Can" means that a person has the ability or is able to learn how to do an activity, that a person knows how and is able to do the activity if the person wants to. (Johnny/Janie can climb the tree. You can't brush your teeth at school unless you have a toothbrush.)

"Should" means something else. "Should" asks if you think it is a good idea for the person to do that activity. (Should Johnny/Janie climb the tree to the nest? No. Should you throw snowballs at cars on a summer's day? No.)

Appendix C

Copies of the comprehension questions

John
Story 5
1st/3rd

Name ______________________

Grade ______________________

School ______________________

Camping in the Mountains

1. Do you think John chose a good job for himself?

☐ YES ☐ MAYBE ☐ NO

2. Do you think John will make a good airplane attendant?

☐ YES ☐ MAYBE ☐ NO

3. Do you think John will be happy as an airplane attendant?

☐ YES ☐ MAYBE ☐ NO

4. Do you think men should be airplane attendants?

☐ YES ☐ MAYBE ☐ NO

5. Do you think men really can be airplane attendants?

☐ YES ☐ MAYBE ☐ NO

6. How much money do you think airplane attendants earn?

☐ just a little ☐ a medium amount ☐ a lot

7. How smart so you think airplane attenadants have to be?

☐ not very smart ☐ smart ☐ very smart

8. How strong do you think airplane attendants have to be?

☐ not very strong ☐ strong ☐ very strong

9. How important are airplane attendants?

☐ not very important

☐ important

☐ very important

10. Do you think being an airplane attendant is a hard job?

☐ not very hard

☐ hard

☐ very hard

Angie
Story 5
1st/3rd

Name ____________________

Grade ____________________

School ____________________

Engine Trouble

1. Do you think Angie chose a good job for herself?

YES MAYBE NO

2. Do you think Angie will make a good ship captain?

YES MAYBE NO

3. Do you think Angie will be happy as a ship captain?

YES MAYBE NO

4. Do you think women should be ship captains?

YES MAYBE NO

5. Do you think women really can be ship captains?

YES MAYBE NO

6. How much money do you think ship captains earn?

☐ just a little ☐ a fair amount ☐ a lot

7. How smart do you think ship captains have to be?

☐ not very smart ☐ smart ☐ very smart

8. How strong do you think ship captains have to be?

☐ not very strong ☐ strong ☐ very strong

9. How important are ship captains?

☐ not very important

☐ important

☐ very important

10. Do you think captaining a ship is a hard job?

☐ not very hard

☐ hard

☐ very hard

Bill
Story 5
1st/3rd

Name ____________________

Grade ____________________

School ____________________

A Final Decision

1. Do you think Bill chose a good job for himself?

YES MAYBE NO

2. Do you think Bill will make a good nurse?

YES MAYBE NO

3. Do you think Bill will be happy as a nurse?

YES MAYBE NO

4. Do you think men should be nurses?

YES MAYBE NO

5. Do you think men really can be nurses?

YES MAYBE NO

6. How much money do you think nurses earn?

☐ just a little ☐ a medium amount ☐ a lot

7. How smart do you think nurses have to be?

☐ not very smart ☐ smart ☐ very smart

8. How strong do you think nurses have to be?

☐ not very strong ☐ strong ☐ very strong

9. How important are nurses?

☐ not very important

☐ important

☐ very important

10. Do you think nursing is a hard job?

☐ not very hard

☐ hard

☐ very hard

Name ____________________

Grade ____________________

School ____________________

Esther
Story 5

1st/3rd

Getting a Full-time Job

1. Do you think Esther chose a good job for herself?

YES MAYBE NO

2. Do you think Esther will make a good firefighter?

YES MAYBE NO

3. Do you think Esther will be happy as a firefighter?

YES MAYBE NO

4. Do you think women should be firefighters?

YES MAYBE NO

5. Do you think women really can be firefighters?

YES MAYBE NO

6. How much money do you think firefighters earn?

☐ just a little ☐ a medium amount ☐ a lot

7. How smart do you think firefighters have to be?

☐ not very smart ☐ smart ☐ very smart

8. How strong do you think firefighters have to be?

☐ not very strong

☐ strong

☐ very strong

9. How important are firefighters?

☐ not very important

☐ important

☐ very important

10. Do you think firefighting is a hard job?

☐ not very hard

☐ hard

☐ very hard

Appendix D

Copy of the article for
a teachers' journal

Esther
Story 1
Fifth

Fire Engine #22

They felt it even before they heard it. You know the way you sometimes feel a noise. They knew something was going to happen. The wind changed direction, the air smelled differently than it had just minutes before. And then they heard it - a long, low rumble of thunder. The sky darkened. The grey and black clouds moved slowly toward town. The flashes of lightening began. And then the rains came.

Esther and Dennis grabbed their bat, mitts, and ball and ran across the park. Luckily their house was near. The big old house felt warm as they entered and took off their wet shoes and socks. The smells from the kitchen were warm and interesting. They reminded Esther, as though she needed reminding, that today was her seventh birthday.

"I still can't figure out what they could have made me," thought Esther. One of the Lewis family traditions was that birthday presents were never bought. The family worked together to make special gifts for each birthday.

This year Esther knew something big was in the works. Her brother Dennis, who was two years older than Esther, had been leaking out bits and pieces of information to tease her.

"It's painted red," he had hinted.

"It's three feet long and one foot high," he had whispered one day as he passed the door to Esther's room.

"It has four wheels and some cranks," he had mumbled as he and Esther had eaten breakfast that morning.

Esther thought about all of the clues. Perhaps a dumptruck? Or maybe Dennis was just trying to confuse her. She would have to wait and see.

Esther changed her wet clothes and came downstairs just as her mother and grandmother were coming home from work. They were both writers. They worked together interviewing people and gathering information for their stories and books. Now they were in a hurry to take off their wet shoes, dry a bit, and see about dinner. Esther hugged each of them. Then they went through the dining room and into the kitchen.

"What a mess!" gasped Esther's grandmother.

There were pans in the sink, pans on the table, and pans sizzling on top of the stove.

"I can't believe it!" said Esther's mother and grandmother together. Then they looked at one another and laughed at the coincidence.

The smells were wonderful. The family often laughed at the mess that Mr. Lewis made in the kitchen when it was his turn to cook, but they never laughed at the delicacies that Esther's father created.

Tonight, for Esther's birthday, Mr. Lewis was cooking a special meal he had learned about on a trip to South America. Ms. Lewis had already baked and iced the birthday cake.

"Time for dinner," Mr. Lewis announced.

The family, with the guest of honor in the lead, went into the dining room. Esther ate some of everything, but she hardly noticed how it tasted.

"What can my present be?" she wondered anxiously. "Won't the time ever come?"

Finally, Ms. Lewis brought in the cake.

"Happy Birthday!! Make a wish!!" the family shouted.

This was the first year that Esther could remember not being able to think of a wish! All she could think about was the surprise, wrapped and waiting somewhere nearby. Esther was so curious about her surprise that she couldn't think of anything else.

Finally it was time. Esther's mother left the table. She was gone for what seemed like hours. When she returned she had a huge cardboard box in her arms.

Esther sat very still, staring at the box.

"Aren't you going to see what it is?" asked Dennis excitedly.

"Of course I am!" exclaimed Esther as she jumped up and began tearing the wrapping paper off of the box. As Esther lifted the lid of the huge box, she gasped with surprise.

"It's so beautiful!" she cried. Inside of the box was a wooden fire engine, carved and painted by Esther's family.

"And look at all the things it does!" Dennis said. "The ladders can extend, and the hose really cranks. The steering wheel in the front really steers the front wheels, and the one back here steers these," he added, pointing to the back wheels.

Esther loved her present. It was carved of walnut and cherry wood. It had Esther's name written in gold paint on the front of the truck. "ENGINE 22" was written on the side of the truck in bright gold letters.

Mr. Lewis built a fire in the fireplace to cheer up the stormy night, but Esther and Dennis certainly did not need cheering up.

"Watch this," cried Dennis. "The bell really rings!"

"What's this for?" asked Esther, pushing a little button near the front steering wheel. To her surprise, a siren gave a long, whining cry. "A siren, too!" she gasped. But the small siren was nearly drowned out by a much louder siren outside.

"It sounds like they are stopping here!" cried Esther excitedly. Esther was the first to reach the door. She opened it quickly. Three firefighters, all dressed in black, were running toward her! Two others were carrying a ladder to the side of the house. Another was pulling a hose. And beyond them she could see a fire engine with flashing lights and a bright gold "ENGINE #22" painted on the side. She was more excited than afraid.

"What's the trouble here?" asked Mr. Lewis, coming up behind Esther.

One of the firefighters stopped to explain. "A neighbor called in a fire that he had spotted in your chimney. We came over right away. It looks like we may have made it here before much damage was done. You're pretty lucky people!"

He excused himself then and hurried into the house to check the fireplace.

They worked quickly to put out the fire. Some of the crew climbed up on the roof, and some worked from inside the fireplace. The chimney had been dirty because Mr. and Ms. Lewis hadn't cleaned it for many years. Paper had caught inside, and sparks from their evening fire had ignited the paper.

"Well, I think that it's all taken care of," one of the firefighters said to Mr. Lewis. "I'd like to talk to you, though, about some ways of preventing future fires. First of all, you ought to clean your chimney."

"I can agree with that one!" laughed Mr. Lewis.

"And secondly," the firefighter went on, "you should clean out your garage. The open cans of paint thinner ought to be thrown away and the old rags should be cleaned. Those things could cause spontaneous combustion."

"What's that?" asked Esther.

"That's when highly inflammable materials burst into flame almost by themselves," the firefighter explained. "And with a spark from your car, or any heat at all, you'd be in real trouble."

"Thanks a lot!" said Mr. Lewis. The two of them returned to the house where the other firefighters were cleaning up around the fireplace. They checked for any remaining sparks or smoldering flames.

"It looks like it's completely out," the firefighters told the Lewis family.

Esther had watched the work with interest. She was almost sorry that the firefighters were finished.

"I'd like to learn more about your work," she said to the firefighters.

"Then why don't you come down to the firestation after school some day?" Mr. Smith, one of the firefighters, answered. "I'd be glad to show you around the station and tell you all about my job."

"Oh, could I? Could we?" Esther asked her parents.

"Sure," replied Mr. Lewis. "We'll come for a visit and a tour some day soon." He smiled warmly at the firefighters. The family waved as they loaded their equipment and climbed onto the truck.

"We'll see you soon, Esther," the firefighters shouted.

"What a birthday!" thought Esther.

As the family walked back into the house, Esther realized how tired she was.

"Good night, everyone," she yawned. "Thanks for the birthday. I don't think I'll ever forget today."

Esther
Story 2
Fifth

The Rescue

"Mom? Dad? Anybody home?" Esther called.

"We're in the kitchen, Esther," Ms. Lewis answered. "Come in here."

As Esther entered the kitchen, she could see that her parents were as excited as she was.

"Are you ready to go?" asked Esther.

"Just let me finish this note for Dennis," Mr. Lewis said. "We may still be gone when he gets home from baseball practice."

"Today is the day," thought Esther, as they drove to the firestation. Mr. Smith would be there waiting for them. Esther couldn't wait to see everything and hear about Mr. Smith's job.

"Hello, I'm glad you could come!" Mr. Smith greeted them. "My shift just ended so I have plenty of time to show you around."

"Your shift?" asked Esther.

Mr. Smith explained that there were three teams of firefighters. Each team worked for 24 hours and then had 48 hours off, away from the station.

"Of course, I haven't been fighting fires for the last 24 hours!" laughed Mr. Smith. "I've been on-call."

"What does that mean?" asked Esther.

"It means that I have to be here at the station," explained Mr. Smith. "I have to be prepared to go to a fire the minute the alarm sounds."

"What do you do for 24 hours if there are no fires?" asked Ms. Lewis.

"Oh, during 12 hours we work around the station," said Mr. Smith. "We clean the machines and engines and things like that. During the other 12 hours we can sleep or read or watch television. Sometimes we play cards together."

"What if you are sleeping when the fire bell rings?" asked Esther.

"Well," began Mr. Smith, "when the alarm sounds, the sleeping firefighters jump out of bed. We leave our boots in the legs of our pants hanging by the sides of the beds, so we can get dressed quickly. We throw on our jackets, slide down the pole, and we're on the truck ready to go in only a few seconds."

"Wow!" said Esther. "Can we walk around and see the pole and trucks and everything?"

"Sure," answered Mr. Smith. "Let's take a walk around."

Mr. Smith and the Lewis family strolled through the garage area and into the equipment room. Firefighters were cleaning axes, metal cutters, and other tools; they also were making certain that things were stored in their proper places. Esther was surprised at the amount of care the firefighters took in keeping their equipment in order.

"Do they have to clean all of this stuff every day?" asked Esther.

Mr. Smith just laughed. "Sometimes more often than that!" he replied. "The first thing we do when we return from a fire is wash the fire engine and check the equipment. We can't take a chance on letting the ladders get rusty or having them slippery with mud or ashes, and we can't waste time looking around for things when that alarm rings. Everything has to be in working order and in its expected place. Our lives and those of many others depend on it."

As they were leaving the equipment room, something hanging on the back wall caught Esther's eye.

"Hey, Mr. Smith," called Esther. "Are those fire extinguishers? We have some like that at our school, but I thought they were used to keep fires under control until the firefighters arrived. Why do you have those when you have your hoses to put out fires?"

"That is a very good question, Esther," said Mr. Smith. "Yes, those are fire extinguishers. We need them because there are many types of fires that water can't put out."

"Like what?" asked Esther curiously.

Mr. Smith explained, "Burning grease, gasoline, and many chemicals must be treated with special care. Spraying those kinds of fires with water from our hoses wouldn't help at all. In some cases, in fact, it would make the fires worse. We have a few types of fire extinguishers here because different types of fires require different chemical solutions. This one," he said, pointing to a large red one, "is filled with carbon dioxide gas. We use it to spray grease fires."

"And this one," he said, pointing to another, "is filled with acid and baking soda. It is probably the kind you have at your school, Esther. This type helps control most fires in emergencies, like you mentioned, but it's also especially helpful in electrical fires."

"That reminds me of something else you might be interested in," Mrs Smith went on. "Come with me."

Mr. and Ms. Lewis and Esther followed Mr. Smith back into the garage area.

"Remember when I mentioned gasoline fires?" he asked. "Do you know what we use to smother fires like the ones caused by car accidents?"

"I believe some kind of foam?" Mr. Lewis guessed.

"That's right," Mr. Smith told them. "This tank on the fire truck provides a mixture of detergent, air, and water that comes out of the hose as a thick foam."

"Do you mean regular soap detergent?" asked Esther with surprise.

Mr. Smith laughed. "That's right," he said. "We can smother the fire and clean the street, too!"

They all laughed with Mr. Smith, until they were interrupted by a shout from across the room.

"Keith Smith!" a woman called.

"I've been looking for you, too," Mr. Smith answered. "I want you to meet some friends of mine."

"Esther," Mr. Smith smiled, "I want you to meet Margaret Evans. And Margaret, these are Esther's parents, Mr. and Ms. Lewis."

"Hello," Ms. Evans said. "I'm especially happy to meet you, Esther! I heard that there was a girl coming to see our station today who was very interested in fire fighting. Could that be you?"

"Why, yes,"answered Esther. "Don't tell me you're a firefighter here."

"I certainly am!" Ms. Evans replied, "and I want you to come see me anytime. I'm on duty, so I have to get back to work, but it was nice to meet you."

"And you, too," Esther called after her.

As the family drove home, Esther thought about her day. She dreamed about other days she hoped she would spend visiting the fire station. She wanted to be better friends with Mr. Smith and Ms. Evans and learn as much as she could about fire fighting. "Some day," thought Esther, "I will be a firefighter, too."

Over the next five years, Esther spent many exciting days at the neighborhood fire station. Taking Margaret Evans' advice, she studied fire prevention, first aid, water safety, and even electronics. Esther was also concerned with her physical strength and fitness. No matter how well she learned her lessons, she couldn't expect to become a firefighter unless she was strong enough to handle the job.

A test of Esther's skills came unexpectedly one warm summer day. Esther and some of her friends were at the beach swimming and picnicking when they heard a shout.

"Help . . ." came the call, but when the children looked out over the water, they couldn't see anyone.

Esther grabbed a towel and ran to the water's edge. She searched the surface of the lake for a sign of a swimmer in trouble. Just then, the man's head reappeared. He was wildly waving his arms and trying to scream.

"Quick! Someone call the fire department!" Esther screamed. Then she dove into the water and swam quickly toward the man.

"Stop screaming. Calm down!" Esther called to him. The man was panicked. He continued to scream and flail his arms. Esther kept a short distance away from the man. She knew that in his fear he might grab her and pull them both under water.

Holding on to a corner of her towel, Esther snapped it into the man's face. He was startled and stared blankly at Esther for a moment.

Taking advantage of the time, Esther spoke calmly. "Relax. I'm a swimming teacher. I can show you how to float."

The man did not answer, but he didn't scream again, either. Esther was relieved at that.

"Now just move your legs like you're pedaling a bicycle," Esther explained. "Try to move your arms back and forth in front of your body like this." Esther demonstrated the movement, and the man silently followed her example.

"Now are you relaxing?" asked Esther.

"I'm OK . . .,"sighed the man. "My legs cramped up, but they're getting better."

"Let's wait a minute," suggested Esther. "When they feel strong enough, we'll swim back to shore together."

As they slowly swam toward the crowd on the beach, the sound of sirens reached their ears. Esther was quite sure that the man would be all right now, but the fire engine was a welcome sight.

Esther's friend Margaret Evans was at the water's edge to meet Esther and the man when they reached the shore.

"The kids told me what happened," said Ms. Evans. "You did a good job, Esther! That was quick thinking!"

"That's for sure," added the man Esther had saved. "My name is Tom Matthews, and I guess I owe you my life."

"I'm glad you're all right," Esther replied.

"I'm just thankful, and a little embarrassed," he said. "I should have known better than to panic."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Matthews, that's a very common reaction. You don't have to be embarrassed. Just be careful next time," Esther cautioned.

"Mr. Matthews, I think it would be a good idea if you came along with us," Ms. Evans said. "You look just fine, but I think we'd better make sure you're all right."

As the firefighters walked Mr. Matthews toward their truck, Margaret Evans turned to Esther and smiled.

"Keep it up, Esther," she called," and you're going to make a great firefighter some day!"

The Team of Volunteers

During Esther's second year of high school, her family moved into a house in the country. Esther knew she would miss her friends and the excitement of the town. She couldn't imagine what there would be for her to do at their quiet new home.

Soon after the Lewis family moved in, however, Esther had a very pleasant surprise. The sound of tires on their gravel driveway first attracted her attention. She ran to the front window and peered from behind the drapes to see who it could be. A tall man dressed in filthy clothes was approaching their front door.

"Can I do something for you?" Esther asked through the screen door.

"You sure can!" the man answered, grinning broadly. "I'm Jack Holmes from down the road. I'd like to talk to your father and the young man I've seen with him. Could that be your brother?"

"I'll get them both," replied Esther. She wondered what this dirty, friendly neighbor wanted to see her father about.

As the men talked, Esther listened from behind the dining room door.

"We sure could use your help," Mr. Holmes told the Lewis men. "Our volunteer firefighters get together one Saturday a month for practice and training. Other than that, you'd have to be willing to pitch in and help out whenever the calls come in."

"Volunteer firefighters!" Esther exclaimed, as she burst through the door. "Can I join, too?"

Mr. Holmes looked at Esther with disbelief. "You?" he asked.

"Why, sure!" cried Esther. "I've had lots of training already, and I'm as good as anyone at fighting fires."

"She's right," Mr. Lewis joined in. "She has been studying first aid, fire prevention, water safety, and those sorts of things since she was seven or eight years old."

"But, my goodness," said Mr. Holmes shaking his head. "She's awfully young. I certainly wouldn't want to have to worry about her getting hurt or burned."

"You don't understand!" insisted Esther. "Just let me try. I think you'll see..."

"She can do anything I can do," urged Dennis.

"Well," Mr. Holmes hesitated. "I don't know what the others will say, but why don't all three of you come next Saturday. We'll see how the training and practice session goes."

"Oh, thank you!" Esther cried.

"I've got to get on home and clean up, now," Mr. Holmes said. "That fire today was a dandy. I'm certainly happy to see some more help join the department. I'll see you three on Saturday."

"Maybe living here will be fun after all," thought Esther, as she watched Mr. Holmes' car disappear down the road.

On Saturday, Mr. Lewis, Esther, and Dennis were among the first to arrive at the volunteers' training session. It was held in a large field this week so that the firefighters could practice working with grass fires. Mr. Holmes explained that one of the most common kinds of fires that the volunteers would have to fight was brush or grass fires.

"People are often careless when they burn leaves," he told them. "They don't always pay attention to their fires and sometimes the fires spread."

To practice working with this type of fire, Mr. Holmes lit a match and threw it out into the field. A small flame flickered in the grass.

"Just wait a few minutes," Mr. Holmes said.

As they watched, they could see the breeze feeding oxygen to the flames. Slowly, the fire grew. It moved across the grass as gracefully as the wind.

"Okay," signalled Mr. Holmes.

The volunteers ran to the truck and connected the hoses to the water tanks. They sprayed the water against the wind, putting out the fire before it got out of control.

"Good job," called Mr. Holmes. "That was real team work!"

The volunteers all seemed pleased with the drill, but Esther was disappointed. She had hoped for something more exciting on her first day with the squad.

"A grass fire is good practice," thought Esther, "but it will be different when it's the real thing!"

Esther could hardly wait for the first call to come. In the city, she could learn a lot from the firefighters, but here in the country she was going to work with them!

It was a dreary fall evening only a few weeks later when a call finally came.

"Come quickly," the voice on the telephone beckoned. "The trailer on the Brown's property is burning badly."

Esther called out to Dennis and Mr. Lewis, and the three of them were into their coats and on their way in only seconds. They met the other volunteer firefighters at the site of the fire. The truck and the others had just arrived, and the men were hooking the hoses up to the pumps.

"What happened?" asked Esther. "What should I do?"

"Get out of the way!" answered a man near Esther. He didn't realize that Esther was a firefighter, and he did not have time to talk to curious bystanders. He gave Esther a light push to get her out of the volunteers' way.

Esther moved quickly back through the crowd.

"Excuse me, but what can I do?" she persisted. Hardly anyone heard her in the confusion. A woman behind Esther, however, grabbed her by the coat.

"My baby! My baby!" she cried. "Help my baby!"

"I'm a firefighter," Esther shouted. "I can help you if you'll tell me what's wrong."

"My baby is inside!" the woman cried. "We couldn't get to her room because of the flames. You have to get her out!"

Esther ran to the chief.

"There is a baby in there!" she exclaimed. "The window on the end of the trailer is the bedroom. I can get through it if you'll spray it down to cool it off."

The chief called to two other firefighters for help. They broke the glass in the small window and hoisted Esther up to the opening. There were no flames in the baby's room, but smoke was coming in through the cracks around the door. Esther put on her oxygen mask and climbed through the window. The room was oppressively hot. The spray from the hoses cooled the room a bit, but Esther was worried about the baby. It was so still. She lifted it from the crib and placed her oxygen mask over its tiny face. It was breathing!

"Get more oxygen!" Esther yelled as she ran to the broken window. "This baby needs a respirator right away!"

Esther handed the baby to the chief through the window and then quickly climbed out of the smoky bedroom. Her chest ached from breathing the smoke-filled air, and she felt dizzy.

"I've got to sit down," thought Esther. "I'm not a very good firefighter after all. I feel sick."

Esther walked out of the crowd to a clearing near some trees. She took deep breaths to try to clear her head. She watched as the other volunteers fought to control the burning trailer.

"It's hopeless," she could hear some of the men saying. "We can't save it."

Esther was depressed and frustrated. At her first real fire she had gotten sick from smoke inhalation. "And it looks like the trailer is a goner, too," she mused.

The firefighters were right. The trailer could not be saved. They did everything that they could do, but the trailer was gutted by the fire. It was a total loss.

"Hey, Esther!" someone was shouting. Esther was startled from her thoughts. She looked into the crowd for a familiar face. The chief was calling to her.

"Esther!" he yelled. "Come over here."

"Oh, no," thought Esther. "He's probably angry because I left the fire to go sit down. Some firefighter I am!"

Esther slowly approached the chief. To her surprise, he was smiling at her.

"Esther," he said, "Mr. Holmes told me about you, and he was right."

"What?" asked Esther with uncertainty.

"He said he thought you'd be an asset to our team. That was an understatement!" the chief went on. "You risked your life to save that baby. If it weren't for you, we may not have gotten her out."

"I just climbed through the window," said Esther.

"But no one else on our squad could have fit through that window," the chief pointed out. "And I don't know if anyone else would have given their oxygen to a seemingly lifeless baby."

Esther listened with disbelief.

"The baby will live because you saved her life," the chief told her. "The ambulance radioed back a few minutes ago that she was in the hospital in satisfactory condition. I would say that she owes that to you."

"You mean that I did all right today?" asked Esther.

"All right?" The chief smiled. "You're a welcome addition to our team any day!"

Esther breathed a sigh of relief. Just then she spotted her father and Dennis coming toward her. They were both covered with dust and soot.

"You guys are a mess," Esther laughed.

"Oh yeah. Look at you!" Dennis answered.

Looking down, Esther realized for the first time what she looked like. Her coat had been torn on the broken glass of the window, and her left arm was scratched and bleeding. A sooty film covered her clothes and boots.

"I see what you mean," laughed Esther.

"Well, Esther," said Mr. Lewis, "now that you've worked with firefighters at a real fire, do you still think this is such a wonderful job?"

Esther thought a minute.

"It's harder than I thought," Esther admitted. "But I think I want to be a firefighter, a real firefighter, more than ever!"

Esther
Story 4
Fifth

The Grandville Volunteers

The days were starting to grow shorter and the nights were getting cooler. Esther was glad to see September come. She was moving to Grandville this month and she could hardly wait. Esther had arranged to live with her Aunt Mary for a while and work as a waitress in her cafe. She had to wait until she was twenty-one to be eligible for a real firefighting job anyway. She was glad for the chance to spend those four years of waiting earning some money and getting to know Aunt Mary better.

The day Esther was to leave for Grandville dawned bright and sunny. Esther awakened and felt a sudden churning in her stomach as she realized that the day had finally come.

"Come on down," her mother called up from the kitchen. "There's a letter here for you, and breakfast is ready!"

"Be right there," answered Esther. She threw on her robe and ran down the stairs.

"Where's the mail?" she asked, as she grabbed a piece of buttered toast.

Ms. Lewis handed Esther the letter and watched expectantly as she opened it.

"Well?" she asked.

"The answer is yes!" Esther shouted. Now today was even more exciting than before. "Listen to this," she said as she read aloud to her mother. "We will be organizing a volunteer firefighting group in Grandville this fall, and we would be pleased to have your assistance on this project."

"I'll get to do volunteer work during my time off!" Esther exclaimed.

"That's wonderful, Esther," Ms. Lewis agreed. "But don't spend all of your time with the fire department. You will have to spend some time at the cafe too, or Aunt Mary will be very disappointed in you."

Ms. Lewis' warning echoed in Esther's mind. She wanted to spend a lot of time with the firefighters that fall and winter. They needed help organizing the group and training new volunteers. Esther hoped that Aunt Mary would understand.

Esther talked about her plans with her aunt in Grandville the next day.

"I want to work in the cafe and spend time with the volunteer firefighters, too," Esther explained.

"That shouldn't be any problem!" her Aunt Mary grinned. "I need your help around the dinner hour and in the evenings. That will leave you most of each day to do the things that you're really interested in."

"Oh, Aunt Mary," Esther cried as she hugged her aunt. "I knew you would understand!"

Esther liked working at the cafe. The customers were usually pleasant, and Esther made friends with two other waitresses who worked there. She even convinced them to join her in her work with the volunteer squad.

The three women became very close friends, working together at the cafe and with the fire department. One afternoon just as they were getting off duty at the cafe, the fire alarms sounded.

"Joanne, Marie!" Esther called. "Get the radio!"

The three women radioed in to headquarters to be told the location of the fire.

"Petroleum tank truck. Exploded at intersection of Interstate 43 and State Road 6," came the message.

They collected their map and assorted gear and hurried to Marie's car. They sped to the intersection and arrived at the same time as the fire trucks and ambulances.

"Oh no!" Esther gasped when she looked out onto the highway.

Seven cars, as well as the tank truck, were involved in the accident. One car was upside down off the shoulder of the road. Two of the cars had scalding water from their radiators shooting up into the air. They all looked as if they had been rocked by the blast of the explosion. In the middle of it all sat the remains of the truck. Black smoke was billowing up from the flaming vehicle.

"The gas tanks in these other cars are likely to explode, too!" cried Joanne.

"We've got to get the people out of them!" Esther added.

"And get the people out of the road, too!" Marie said as she saw some of the dazed and injured passengers sitting in the road leaning against their cars.

The ambulance teams and the fire department's rescue team worked together to take care of all of the victims. Meanwhile, the firefighters sprayed down the street with detergent foam and worked on the burning truck. They wanted to smother the fire before any of the other cars exploded.

"Come on," Esther urged a man sitting against his car. "Let me help you up."

The man stared blankly ahead.

Esther knew that the firefighters needed the street cleared so that they could work more efficiently.

The man looked like he was in shock. Esther quickly checked for bleeding and broken bones. "Can you hear me?" she asked. She checked his blood pressure and pulse. Everything seemed normal.

"Maybe it's a diabetic coma," Esther thought. She felt his skin. It was not dry. It was moist and pale. The strange odor she would have expected was absent, too. The man began to drool.

"I know!" Esther cried. "Medic! Quick! This man is suffering from insulin shock!" The doctors took over, and Esther moved on to another injured person.

When the street was finally cleared of people, the firefighters were able to put out the fire. Esther, Joanne, and Marie walked back to the car with relief. They watched the wreckers move in to clear the highway.

"Well," Esther said, "I guess we'd better get back. I'd like to rest a while before we start the evening shift."

No sooner did the three settle down again than the fire alarm rang once more. Esther radioed in for the location.

"This one's for you," the dispatcher said. "The corner of Pine Street and South Hawthorne, 383 East Pine."

"Oh, no!" Esther sighed. "I'm exhausted and I have to work tonight!"

"We'd better get over there," Joanne reminded her. "Someone may be counting on us."

"Okay, okay," said Esther and Marie together.

The three volunteers raced down to the car once again. They arrived at 383 East Pine in minutes. It was only a few blocks away.

"There's no one else here,"Marie noticed.

"We're the first ones, I guess," said Esther as they approached the house.

"But it's so quiet. There's no smoke or anything. Maybe it's a false alarm," suggested Marie.

Esther knocked at the door and waited anxiously for an answer.

"Oh, you're here!" exclaimed the young woman who finally opened the door. "I've been worried sick."

"What's wrong?" asked Joanne.

"It's my little boy," explained the woman. "He's locked himself in the bathroom and I can't get in. He can't unlock the door. He's only three years old, and the lock is very tricky."

"We'll get him out," Esther assured her. "Show me where your bathroom is."

The woman took the firefighters down the hallway and showed them the bathroom door. They called through the door to the boy inside. "Just wait right there. We'll get you out."

They waited for him to answer, but there was no response from inside the locked room.

"That's why I'm so worried," said the boy's mother. "He hasn't made a sound for the last ten minutes. I'm afraid he may have drowned in the bathtub." The woman's voice caught in her throat and tears ran down her cheeks.

"There is a window to that room, isn't there?" Esther asked.

"Yes," replied the woman, "the middle window in the back of the house."

Esther ran back outside and around to the rear of the house. Esther gave the window a solid push. She was in luck. It opened easily. She pulled out the screen and climbed into the bathroom.

Once inside, Esther tiptoed to the door and unlocked it. Joanne, Marie, and the boy's mother looked into the room.

"Thank you very much," the woman whispered.

Esther and her friends turned quietly to leave. The little boy had wrapped himself warmly in his towel and was curled up on the rug asleep.

"What a day!" the friends agreed as they drove back home once again.

"I hate to say this," Marie said, "but I hope we don't get any more calls today."

"We'll be too tired to wait on tables," Joanne added.

"Cheer up! We'll make it," Esther encouraged them. "And when we're twenty-one, we can all get full-time jobs as firefighters."

"It will be great!" they all agreed.

Esther
Story 5
Fifth

Getting a Full-time Job

Esther was nervous about taking the civil service exam. She had taken many tests before in school, but this was more important than any of them. The fire department in Grandville would allow the forty highest scorers go through their physical training program. Without a high score on this test, Esther would not even have a chance to become a full-time firefighter.

Esther, Joanne, and Marie wanted to work together on the Grandville Fire Department now that they were finally twenty-one. They sat nervously in the exam for five hours. It was the longest test any of them had ever taken.

"How did you do?" Joanne asked Esther when they had finally completed their exams.

"Okay, I guess," answered Esther. "How about you two?"

"We'll have to wait and see!" Marie and Joanne agreed.

Four weeks later, their scores arrived. All three women scored above average on the exam!

"I only hope these marks are high enough to qualify all of us for training," Esther sighed.

The three friends waited excitedly for the arrival of physical training program information. They waited for two weeks. They finally went to visit the examiner to see what the cause of the delay might be.

"Yes. You three had excellent scores on your exams," Mr. Robb began, "but we have decided not to include you in our training program."

"But some of the men you have included scored lower than we did," Esther pointed out.

"That's correct," Mr. Robb admitted.

"Then why aren't we on the list for training?" asked Marie.

"We have decided not to waste our time and money sending you through the program. It's too hard," Mr. Robb explained. "It's too expensive to send people through the program who we know will fail."

Esther, Joanne, and Marie couldn't believe what they were hearing.

"Could we talk about this before you make a final decision?" asked Esther.

"I'm sorry," replied Mr. Robb. "The decision is already final."

Esther and her friends knew what they could do. They went to the Human Rights Commission with their problem. The Commission investigates complaints from people who think they have been denied a job because of their race, religion, or sex. It is hard to prove that someone has been denied a job for any of these reasons, but Esther believed that she had a good case.

After hearing testimony from Esther, Marie, Joanne, and Mr. Robb, the Commission met to announce their decision.

"May I have your attention, please!" the chairman bellowed.

Mr. Robb squirmed nervously in his seat.

"It has been decided that the women in question have been unjustly denied the right to join the training program because of their sex," the chairman read from his report. "They must be allowed to begin training at once or a court order will be issued," he added, glaring at Mr. Robb.

Esther and her friends were thrilled by the decision. Mr. Robb looked like he had been kicked in the stomach.

"I guess I wish you luck with the physical training program," he told the women with resignation.

"You won't be sorry that you let us try!" Esther assured him.

The eight week training program began only days later. The friends arrived ready for hard work. The eight weeks were filled with lectures and classes as well as physical training exercises. They learned how to clean and repair all of the firefighting equipment. They studied about all of the different things that each piece of equipment could do.

"I'm exhausted," Esther moaned at the end of one of the first days. "Working twelve hours a day is tiring!"

"The rain today didn't make things any easier," Joanne added. "Climbing ten foot high walls and running obstacle courses in the mud was awful!"

"I have something to tell you both," Marie began. "I don't think I can make it through these eight weeks."

"My arms ache from chopping through those burning practice walls," Esther joined in the complaints, "but I'm sure we'll all make it."

"My whole body aches from doing sit ups with weights behind my neck," Joanne sighed.

"My legs hurt from the jumping exercises," Marie continued. "I honestly don't think I can get used to this."

"Are you serious about quitting?" Esther asked with concern.

"I mean it," Marie stated sadly. "I cannot go on."

Esther and Joanne were sorry to see their friend drop out, but before they knew it, the eight weeks ended. They had worked harder than they ever had imagined, but they had made it! When the time for station assignments came around, the women knew that they would be assigned permanent positions somewhere in Grandville. They were anxious to find out which fire station each would be working at.

"I'm over on the west side of the city," Esther announced when they received their notices.

"And I'm assigned to the north station," Joanne grinned. "I can't wait to begin!"

Esther's first day at her new assignment finally arrived.

"Hello. I'm Esther Lewis," she greeted the other firefighters.

"What? Are we getting a new cook?" asked one of the men.

"Oh no!" thought Esther. "I've been hired as a member of the fire department," she explained.

"Yeah. We heard about you," another firefighter answered. "You can sleep on the cot in the coat closet." All of the firefighters snickered.

Just then, the chief entered the room and welcomed Esther.

"Let me show you around," he offered.

"I would appreciate that," Esther answered.

They walked through the rooms of the station. The chief pointed out all of the supplies and the location of the equipment. It was all familiar to Esther. Most fire stations are organized in much the same way, so it was easy to learn her way around.

"I want you to begin by cleaning some of this equipment," the chief told her. "I'll help you get it down, then call someone for help returning it to the shelves."

"I'll be glad to clean equipment," replied Esther, "but I don't need any help. Thank you, anyway."

"I'm sorry," apologized the chief, "but I thought..."

The chief was interrupted by the clanging of the fire alarm. Suddenly the firefighters were in motion.

"It's a six-alarm fire!" the chief shouted. "That means everyone is needed!"

"I know what it means," shouted Esther as she joined the scurrying firefighters. She took her position on the fire truck as it pulled out of the station's garage.

The truck arrived at the scene of the fire minutes later. A seven-story hotel was burning near the center of the city. Several trucks from other stations and many ambulances were already there. Sirens were screaming and red lights were flashing everywhere. Dark black smoke was billowing from the windows of the building. People were jumping out of the windows in the lower stories and screaming for help out of the higher ones. Others were running out of the exits carrying their most valuable possessions. Some carried televsion sets and some carried clothing or small pieces of furniture, trying desperately to save their belongings from the flames.

The crew in Esther's truck was assigned the top three floors of the hotel. They were supposed to evacuate all of the people and try to keep the fire under control. The flames were confined to the third and fourth floors for now, and the firefighters did not want to lose the entire building.

Esther and four others entered the blazing building through the fourth floor's emergency door. Esther was third in line as the four pulled the hose into the hallway. The first firefighter aimed the nozzle and began spraying the smoking walls. The air was getting hotter, so the firefighters put their mouths to the floor to breath in the cooler air. Finally they had to put on their oxygen masks to breathe at all.

So far they had not seen any people trapped on the fourth floor. They moved on down the corridor. Suddenly, Esther turned around and gasped with shock. The flames were coming rapidly from behind them. To escape the growing heat, the firefighters were being forced farther and farther down the smoky hallway. At the end of the hall was a small door and a window.

"Thank goodness!" thought Esther. "It is a fire escape door."

As they neared the exit, Esther noticed the shapes of six bodies, piled in a heap by the door.

"Why didn't they get out?" she wondered.

The firefighters ran to the exit and pushed. The door would not budge. The fire escape door was bolted from the outside!

Esther and the others stared at the exit in disbelief. The door was metal, so their axes were of no use. Then an idea flashed into Esther's mind. She took a last gasp of oxygen and threw off her tank. Taking a chance that the fresh air would not feed the fire, Esther broke the glass in the small window. She climbed quickly through the opening.

"I can't look down," Esther thought as she slowly slid her way along the ledge to the platform.

She threw down her gloves so that she could hold on in the narrow spaces between the bricks. One step at a time, Esther inched closer and closer to the door. She finally grabbed for the railing along the fire escape and pulled herself onto the platform.

"The metal bolt is too hot to touch!" Esther realized in a moment of panic. "I shouldn't have taken my gloves off!"

Holding her breath and clenching her teeth, Esther gave the bolt a push. The bolt burned her hands, but it finally pulled free and the door opened. Esther breathed a sigh of relief.

"Let's get these people down the fire escape," Esther called. "They're unconscious but some of them might be saved. Hurry!"

Esther made her way down the steep stairs, with an unconscious woman over her shoulders. Her fingers were blistered from the hot metal bolt.

"I am a firefighter," she thought to herself. "I really am a firefighter."

Bill
Story 1
Fifth

Bill Makes a Decision

"Have a good day, Bill," his mother called to him as he ran out the door.

"Thanks," Bill said. "And, oh, yes, Mom, I'll be a little late this afternoon. Basketball practice will be after school, and I may stay a little longer to work on my jump shot. I'll see you at about 5:30."

With that, Bill hopped on his bike and raced off to the high school, which was a couple of miles from his house. The ride was great on a cool morning like this, and the extra exercise helped get him in shape for basketball season.

Bill was a junior at North High School and hoped to be on the starting team for basketball this season. His sophomore year had been a great one, even though he had not gotten to play in every game. At the state championships, he had won the game for North with his two overtime free throws.

"I've grown three inches since last season," Bill thought. "This year could be even better."

As he rode up to the bike rack outside school, he recognized his friend Jack, who was locking his bike.

"Hey, Bill, are you ready with your scalpel?" Jack asked. "You know we begin to dissect frogs today in biology class."

"There is no way I could forget that, Jack. You know biology is my favorite class," Bill replied. "And looking at the insides of a frog is lots more fun than working on that Civil War project for our history class."

"You may not like history as well, Bill, but I wish I had grades like yours in that class," Jack said, as they walked into the school.

"Brains, man, brains," Bill teased. "I'll see you in biology third period. We may even see some brains in there today."

The day flew by. Some days were just that way. Bill liked all of his teachers this year, and most of his courses were pretty interesting, but he had to admit that biology was his favorite. He had become very interested in learning about the body and how it worked. As he and Jack had expected, they had made their first incision into the frogs today. He and Jack named their frog "Herman" and hoped that tomorrow they would get to see Herman's heart.

Now that the final bell had rung, Bill headed for the gym. For the next two hours Bill and the rest of the team went through their daily drills at dribbling and shooting. Then they ran through a few new plays that Coach Hall had prepared for them.

"You boys are looking good," Coach Hall shouted. "Keep this up and we'll be ready for Columbus Central next Friday. Jim, you should practice some more on your free throws. And Bill, a little more work will make that jump shot perfect."

The extra hours of practice were always tiring, but Bill's dad had always told him that "practice makes perfect." Last year it had made a big difference, and this year he had his eye on the "Most Valuable Player" award.

"Boy, am I ready for dinner tonight!" Bill thought as he came out of the dressing room. It was 6 o'clock already, and Bill knew he would be late for dinner. He hurried down the hall to the bike racks, unlocked the chain, and headed out of the parking lot.

"I'll have to put on my bike headlight tonight," thought Bill. "It's getting dark much earlier now."

As he coasted down the hill towards the intersection at Third Street, though, Bill's plans for that night were suddenly changed. One minute he was slowing down for the stoplight and the next he was being thrown through the air to the edge of the street. The man obviously had not looked very carefully before pulling into the right lane to make his turn. His car had hit Bill!

"Quick! Someone call an ambulance," a man shouted. "There's a telephone just inside the restaurant over there."

"Is he conscious?" asked a young boy nervously.

"No, I don't think so. But he is still breathing. He got a pretty hard blow on his head. I would say he probably has a broken leg as well," answered a man.

The shrills of the siren were heard as the ambulance raced down the hill towards the accident. "Move aside, move aside." The words were echoed through the surrounding crowds as the ambulance attendants made their way with the stretcher. In another minute Bill was in the ambulance being rushed to the Emergency Room of the hospital.

"Does anyone know the boy?" asked a bystander.

"It was Bill Anderson, the basketball player at North," the police officer reported as he searched Bill's notebooks for identification. "He won the championship for North last year. My guess is that he won't be playing this season."

The policeman was right. Bill would not be playing basketball that season. In fact, for the next few days the nurses and doctors were working frantically so that Bill could live. X-rays showed a mild concussion, a broken wrist, and a broken hip. Bill was lucky to be alive!

"Good morning, Bill," greeted Dr. James as he came into the room. "How are you feeling today?"

"Much better, thanks. The pain is not as bad today, and I'm finally getting used to seeing those traction weights hanging from my bed," Bill said.

"Well, Bill, as I told your parents, you will be having some good and some bad days for the next few weeks," said Dr. James, as he flipped through Bill's chart. "Healing takes time. And with your hip in traction, it looks like you'll be here at least a month."

"What?" Bill asked. "I can't stay here that long. I'll go crazy. What will I do? Besides, I'll get so far behind in all of my classes at school."

"We realize all of this, Bill,"said Dr. James assuringly, "but it takes time for multiple fractures to heal. You'll have a homebound teacher coming in three times a week to keep you going with your school work. When you get out of traction you'll have physical therapy every day. Don't worry, Bill. You'll have plenty to keep you busy."

With those words Dr. James left Bill to his own thoughts and went on to see other patients. "A month," thought Bill. "I had expected it to be bad, but not that bad. The next thing he'll probably tell me is that I can't play basketball anymore. I can sort of understand that with my broken wrist. I have to have good wrist movement for my jump shot."

Bill continued to muse like this for the rest of the day. He just could not help it. News like Dr. James had told him would depress anybody.

Late that afternoon Bill had an unexpected visitor. A young man dressed in white came into the room and asked, "You're Bill Anderson, aren't you?"

"Yes," Bill replied. "Do I know you?"

"No, I don't think you are aware of it, at least. I'm Mike Thomas and I work as a nurse in the Emergency Room here at the hospital. I happened to be driving in on Third Street to work Monday evening when you had your accident. I stopped and did some minor things to help you out until the ambulance arrived. Then, of course, I saw you again here in the Emergency Room. I just dropped by to see how you are doing."

"Well, I've been sort of depressed today. I'm glad you came up to visit," Bill said. "You know, Mom had told me that a nurse from the hospital had been at the scene of the accident. I'll have to admit that I hadn't expected it to be a man."

"Yes, I guess people still don't realize that there are male nurses around," Mike answered. "I got into nursing because I like working with people and I like science, especially chemistry and biology. There is no more exciting or challenging place to work than the emergency room of a hospital."

"I'll bet you're right," Bill said. "Do you think that I could come down and visit the emergency room to see what goes on? I'd like to see some of the excitement when I'm not the one who is the emergency."

Bill's simple question would become a very important one later on. With Dr. James' permission, Bill spent a lot of time observing in the emergency room during his last two weeks in the hospital. It was a pretty exciting place, just as Bill had expected.

"Excitement is not exactly what I'd call it, Bill," replied Mike. "When you are the nurse and you realize that the people depend on you and the doctor to keep them alive, it's scary at times. Sometimes, as a nurse, you have to comfort the family of a person who has died. Nurses deal every day with life and death. We not only have to be very skilled at our jobs, we have to like working with people, people who are sick and injured. It's a serious business."

"I guess I was only seeing the exciting side, Mike," said Bill. "You've really given me something to think about."

By the end of the month, to his surprise, Bill was almost sorry to be leaving the hospital. He had gotten to know first-hand what a hospital was like, from the emergency room and the orthopedic ward to physical therapy. Thanks to a couple of nurses, Mike Thomas and Jane Street, he had developed a real interest in a hospital career.

On the day Bill was to be discharged from the hospital, he visited Mike in the emergency room for the last time. "Mike," Bill said, "what advice would you give me if I told you that I think I'd like to become a nurse?"

"That's a hard question, Bill," said Mike, "but I'll try. First, I'd say that you want to do the best you can in your science and math courses in school. To learn a little more about working with sick or injured people you might also want to enroll in the Red Cross first aid course that is offered in April and May. This will give you a chance to find out whether you have the personal qualities that are necessary. And, last, I'll have to be honest in saying that you have to be ready to answer some awfully stupid comments like: 'I didn't know men could be nurses.' In other words, you have to be determined that nursing is what you really want as a career."

When Bill left that day, Mike wondered if he had been encouraging or if perhaps he had discouraged Bill. In November of that year, he got an unexpected phone call.

"Mike Thomas?" said the voice on the other end. "This is Bill Anderson. You probably don't remember me, but I was in the hospital last spring and observed there in the emergency room."

"Sure, Bill," replied Mike, "I remember you. What's up?"

"Well, I just got some great news and I wanted you to know about it," said Bill excitedly. "I followed your suggestions, Mike, and am taking chemistry now in school. Also, I took the Red Cross course and I will get some experience this summer working with the fire department in emergencies. But, Mike, what I really called to tell you is that I've been accepted in the School of Nursing at the State University for next year and I've even gotten a scholarship. I'm going to be a nurse."

Two Good Jobs for Bill

"Boy, Dad," said Bill, as they sat talking after breakfast, "do you think September will ever come? I can't wait for school to start."

"Be patient, Bill," said his father. "Look at it this way. You've got a good chance to use your first aid this summer. Learn as much as you can in your job with the fire department and the summer will be gone before you know it."

Bill's father was right. The summer sped by, and when September came, Bill was ready to go. He was going to live in Parker Hall, just down the street from the science building. Moving in was great fun. Bill liked his parents, but he was looking forward to living on his own.

"You're sure that you have everything, Bill?" asked his father as his parents were ready to leave.

"Yes, I think so," answered Bill. "But I'll come back to see you sometime this week."

"Fine," said Ms. Anderson. "You might bring your roommate, too, so we can meet him. You will have one, won't you?"

"I'm supposed to," said Bill as he walked his parents to the door. "Well, I'd better start getting unpacked. I'll see you soon."

Bill met his roommate John Mayor that afternoon. By that night the boys had gotten unpacked and Bill had even put his skeleton poster up above his desk.

"What are you, Bill?" asked John when he came back from getting some snacks, "some kind of bone-freak?"

"Well, here goes," thought Bill. "No, not really, I'm just a nursing major and we have to study the body."

"You're kidding, aren't you?" gasped John with surprise. "How did you get hooked on nursing?"

Bill told John about his bicycle accident, his stay in the hospital, his friendship with Mike Thomas, his courses, and his work on the emergency team at the fire department. By the end of his story, Bill felt that John really understood his choice.

School was fun for both John and Bill. They took several classes together and soon became good friends.

Because he was going to be a nurse, Bill had to learn the names of all the muscles and bones in the body. It was tedious work, but it was interesting, too. He had to study hard.

In the fall of his junior year, Bill got the chance to put some of his knowledge and skills into practice. He liked to jog two miles around the fieldhouse track every morning to keep in good shape. One morning as he was changing into his sweat-suit, one of his old high school basketball teammates, Jim Bates, met him in the dressing room.

"Bill, I'm glad I caught you!" exclaimed Jim. "I just talked to Coach Gray and learned that the State basketball team is going to need a new trainer this season. Bill, you're the one for the job. You're a good basketball player, and even more important, you know first aid. The team needs that in case of injuries. If you've got the time, Bill, I wish you'd talk to Coach Gray."

The idea sounded super to Bill. It would be fun working out with the team, and Bill knew a lot about how to treat basketball injuries. To his surprise, all it took was one long talk with the coach to get the job. Bill had all of the qualifications, that was obvious.

That winter and the next, Bill worked even harder. He had his school work and his nursing practice at the hospital. On top of all that, there was his work as basketball trainer.

The team was a good one this year, and the season was going beautifully. In February, when tournament time came, it was State against Northeastern in the NCAA championships.

"Okay, boys, this is it," Coach Gray bellowed in the pre-game talk in the dressing room. "You know the plays we've worked on for this team. There's nothing more I need to say about the strength of the offense. Do your best and we'll win that trophy tonight. We'll be the champions!"

As the rest of the team left the dressing room, Bill stopped Coach Gray. "Coach, I can't believe you're so calm. Do you feel all right?"

"Well, Bill, I'll have to tell you the truth. I don't feel very well. Several times today I've felt a sort of burning pain right here," he said, pointing just above his waist. "I guess this game has given me indigestion."

The excitement of the evening did not allow Bill to think too much about Coach Gray's problem. His attention, as well as that of the 12,000 others in the gymnasium, was on the two teams who were battling away on the court. Twenty-one to twenty, thirty-six to thirty-five. Each team seemed determined, for at no time during the first half did either team lead by more than three points. At half-time the game was tied 49-49.

"What a game!" Bill exclaimed to Jim as he headed towards the dressing room.

As Jim turned to reply, he was interrupted by one of the other players who came running from the dressing room.

"Bill," he yelled, "come quickly. You've got to do something. Coach Gray just fainted."

Startled, Bill hesitated. Then it occurred to him.

"Tom," Bill said, "he didn't faint. He just had a heart attack."

Running into the dressing room, Bill found Coach Gray stretched out on the floor. He appeared to be semi-conscious. The team members stood motionless.

"I hope that someone caught him before he hit the floor," said Bill.

Several players nodded silently in reply.

"Okay, first, we've got to be calm. Any excitement will only make things worse. Jim, call the ambulance. And Tom, you go out to the announcer and have

Dr. Berry paged. She's a cardiologist and I know she's here. She never misses a game. Hurry!"

Bill had seen numerous heart attack cases at the hospital,and he had discussed the proper care of victims in one of his classes.

"But it's so different when you know the person," Bill thought, as he searched for a blanket to keep Coach Gray warm.

As he held the coach's wrist taking his pulse, Dr. Berry rushed into the dressing room. She began asking questions as she examined the coach.

"You're right, Bill," said Dr. Berry. "Tonight's tension was enough to trigger a heart attack. I'll ride in the ambulance with him and get him into the coronary care unit immediately. Another attack could be fatal, so we can't waste time. As for you guys," she said, turning towards the stunned team, "I want you to go out there and play as you have never played before."

By the time Coach Gray was carried out to the ambulance, the buzzer had sounded for the teams to return to the floor for practice.

"Victory!" they cried as they ran back onto the floor.

The score continued to be close during **almost all of the second half. When the** final buzzer sounded, it was State 108, Northeastern, 99. They had won!

"I'll be back in a few minutes, Jim," said Bill, as they ran towards the dressing room at the end of the game. "I want to call the hospital and see how the coach is."

"Please page Dr. Berry," Bill told the hospital operator. "It's urgent."

"Yes, Bill," said Dr. Berry when she answered the page, "I was hoping it would be you. Coach Gray seems to be holding steady right now. We have him in the coronary unit. He's hooked up to the heart monitor so we can detect any changes in his condition. Bill, just between the two of us, Coach Gray is awfully lucky that you knew what to do. I think you'll be a good nurse. If you need my recommendation later this spring, don't hesitate to ask."

"Thank you, Dr. Berry," said Bill. "I'm applying for jobs right now, so I may take you up on the offer. Goodbye now. I know the team is anxious to get a report on Coach Gray's condition."

During the next several weeks Coach Gray's condition got much better, so that by mid-April he left the hospital.

"Bill, I don't know whether I'll survive this diet Dr. Berry has prescribed for me," Coach Gray laughed as he packed to leave the hospital. "The jogging is all right, but I've never been on a diet in my life!"

"Well, Coach, I don't want to have to be your nurse any time soon, so please follow the doctor's orders," teased Bill. "I have an interview in the hospital this afternoon for a nursing position. If it goes well, I may be here in town next year. Then I can come over and jog with you at the fieldhouse."

"Good luck, Bill," said Coach Gray.

When Bill's appointment time arrived that afternoon, he was nervous. The competition was great for nursing jobs at General.

"All I can do is try," thought Bill as he walked down the corridor towards the Director's office.

"I'm Bill Anderson. I have an appointment with Ms. Cassidy," Bill said as he approached the secretary.

"Yes, Mr. Anderson, she's expecting you," the secretary replied. "I'll tell her you're here. Have a seat."

A moment later, Ms. Cassidy entered the reception room.

"Bill Anderson?" she asked, looking at Bill.

Bill nodded and stood up to greet her.

"I'm Lenora Cassidy, the Director of Nursing here at General. Let's get started with the interview."

Ms. Cassidy was very efficient and businesslike. She reviewed Bill's file and recommendations with him. As Bill had expected, she asked why he had decided on a career in nursing.

"As you can imagine, Ms. Cassidy," Bill replied, "I've been asked that question many times by hecklers as well as by those who were really interested. I've told you already about how I first got interested in nursing and started getting experience in first aid and similar jobs. Nursing is the career that satisfies my interest in people and in medicine."

When Bill walked out of the director's office an hour later, he felt encouraged about his chance for the job, but he was determined not to be disappointed if he didn't get it. He would hear from Ms. Cassidy within the next week.

Bill
Story 3
Fifth

The Pediatrics Floor

The next Wednesday morning his waiting finally came to an end. The letter from Ms. Cassidy read: "After careful consideration of all of the applicants, we are pleased to offer you..."

"My first job," Bill thought. "And it's at General Hospital. I can't believe it."

As Bill drove down to the hospital his first morning he had mixed feelings.

"Good morning, Bill," called Sherry Young as he walked towards the hospital entrance. "Aren't you going to speak to me?"

"I'm sorry, Sherry," Bill apologized. "I guess I was in a daze. Today I begin my job in Pediatrics, and I have butterflies in my stomach."

"Believe me, I understand," Sherry said. "I just started working here a few months ago myself. But I know you'll do fine."

"Thanks, Sherry," said Bill. "I need the encouragement."

"Well, here goes," thought Bill as he walked up to the nurses' station on the pediatrics floor. "Good morning," Bill said to the receptionist. "I'm Bill Anderson. I have an appointment with Ms. Maples."

"So, you're the new nurse," replied the receptionist. "I'll get Ms. Maples. Just a moment."

"Boy, she sure stared at me," Bill thought. "Won't people ever get used to seeing a male nurse?"

The receptionist returned with a rather pleasant looking older nurse. Bill guessed she must be in her early sixties.

"Good morning, Mr. Anderson. Welcome to the Pediatrics Floor," said the head nurse, Ms. Maples. "I suppose you've already met Ms. Johnson, our receptionist. Come into the nurses' station, and I'll introduce you to the rest of the staff."

Bill followed her into the nurses' station where the usual morning duties were already under way.

"Staff, may I interrupt you a moment? I want to introduce Bill Anderson, our new registered nurse," announced Ms. Maples. "Bill, these are our other pediatrics staff members, Becky Willis, Mary Baker, and Roy Howard."

"I'm glad to meet all of you," Bill greeted them. "I'm looking forward to working here with you. I hope you'll be patient with me while I learn my way around the floor and find my place on the staff."

"You'll be at home here in no time," Becky Willis assured him. "Believe me, there's plenty of work to do."

The other staff members nodded in agreement.

"Bill, why don't I show you around the floor so you can locate things?" suggested Ms. Maples.

During the next hour, Bill studied the pediatrics floor. He made mental notes of where the wards, storage rooms, and isolation units were.

At the end of the tour, Ms. Maples turned to Bill. "I'd like to talk with you more, Bill, but both of us have a lot of work to do. Why don't you begin by going down to Ward C. Joey Martin's bandages need changing."

Bill walked to Ward C and entered the isolation room.

"How are you today, Joey?" Bill asked. "I'm Bill. Don't be afraid. I just came in to see how you're doing."

Joey looked frightened of Bill. He had been burned very badly and had to be kept in isolation to be certain that his wounds did not get infected. No one could go into the isolation room unless they were completely sterile. Bill wore sterile white boots over his shoes. He had on a long white coat and gloves and head covering. He even wore a mask.

"No wonder Joey is afraid of me," Bill thought. "We're going to take off those bandages and get a look at your burns," Bill told Joey. "Just relax. This won't take long."

As Bill unwound the bandages, he talked to Joey. He tried to keep Joey's mind off of his legs. Bill knew how painful burns could be.

"How old are you now, Joey?" asked Bill.

"I'll be nine next week," Joey answered quietly.

"You must be in the fourth grade, then. What do you like the best about school?" Bill talked as he quickly put fresh bandages around Joey's legs.

"I like to read about dinosaurs," said Joey, "but I'm afraid I won't get to look at my books for a while. The doctor said I would be here a long time."

"You'll be out of isolation in a week or so," Bill reminded him. "Then we'll bring in your books and get started."

"That would be great!" exclaimed Joey. He looked excited at the thought of getting out of that boring, sterile room. He would be happy to have something interesting to do.

"Meanwhile," Bill said, "I'll come in as often as I can to visit you. Push that red button if you need anything, okay? I'm going to give you a shot, now, that will help you sleep."

Bill gave Joey the injection and waited for its effect. In moments Joey became drowsy.

Bill whispered, "See you later, Joey."

Joey nodded and slowly closed his eyes.

Bill's first assignment had gone well. He felt good about his new job. Just then, he saw Ms. Maples walking towards him.

"Bill," she began, "we've just gotten a new patient. Her name is Gail, and she has a very serious case of the flu. Her temperature is 104°. If her fever goes any higher, have the doctor check her immediately. I want you to keep a close watch on her and take her temperature every half hour."

"Yes, Ms. Maples," Bill said.

As Bill entered Gail's room, he hesitated, looking down at the sleeping child.

She looked calm and peaceful.

"I won't wake her up now," Bill decided. "I'll come back later and take her temperature after I look in on Sally."

Bill's next patient had just come up from the emergency room. Her arm had a big gash in it, which had just been stitched, and she had a swollen lump on her forehead.

"Hi, Sally," smiled Bill, as he looked through her chart. "What happened here?"

"I was running," Sally told him, "and I fell through a glass door. I sure cut my arm."

"Yes," Bill agreed, "and it looks like it gave you a bad bump on the head, too, Sally."

"Yes, my head is killing me," Sally answered. "But I got to ride in the ambulance on the way to the hospital! Wait until I tell my friends about that!"

Bill talked with Sally for a while. He was glad she seemed so cheerful. He knew the doctor was worried that the blow to her head may have done some serious damage to her brain.

"Well, Sally," Bill said finally, "you're going to be staying here for a few days so we can make sure that you're all right. I'll be coming back in later to see how you're doing. Call me if you need me, okay?"

"Sure," answered Sally as she waved good-bye to Bill with her bandaged arm.

As Bill left Sally's room to check in with Ms. Maples, he suddenly remembered Gail.

"Oh, no!" he thought. "I've spent twenty minutes with Sally, and I'm late to take Gail's temperature!"

He rushed back to Gail's room and found her moaning softly.

"Gail, are you all right?" he asked, putting his hand against her warm forehead.

Gail didn't answer. She looked up at him and her eyes filled with tears.

"I'm so hot," Gail sobbed.

Bill was worried. He took Gail's temperature, and it was up to 106°. Bill ran to the door and flipped on the emergency signal. A doctor arrived in only seconds.

"She's in bad shape, Bill," stated the doctor. "Help me get her down to intensive care immediately."

Bill felt helpless and guilty as he helped wheel Gail down the hall.

"If only I had checked her sooner," he couldn't stop reminding himself. "If the doctor would have been notified earlier, maybe she wouldn't be so sick now."

Bill walked slowly back towards Ms. Maples' office.

"I've made a terrible mistake," Bill thought. "Gail might die, and it would be my fault."

Bill explained to Ms. Maples what had happened, and she looked at him sternly.

"Bill," she began encouragingly, "when you realized your mistake you did the right thing in calling the doctor quickly. Try to go on, now, and do the best you can. I will let you know how Gail is as soon as I hear something. Meanwhile, I want you to go in and see Frank in room 608. He is an eight-year-old boy who has been in the hospital for about a week. He's very sick, Bill, and needs some cheering up."

"What's wrong with him?" asked Bill.

"Well, we just got the tests back, and it looks like he has a serious blood disease, probably a form of leukemia," Ms. Maples explained. "The doctors don't think he will live much longer."

"Leukemia," sighed Bill. "Oh, no."

Bill didn't know what he was going to say to an eight-year-old boy who was about to die.

Bill walked into Frank's room and saw him staring out the window.

"Hi, Frank," he greeted him cheerfully. "My name is Bill."

Bill waited for Frank to answer. He didn't know what to say next.

"Hi," Frank answered softly. He continued staring out the window.

As Bill frantically groped for something to talk to Frank about, he noticed a picture of a basketball team next to Frank's bed.

"Do you like basketball?" Bill asked, hoping he'd guessed right.

"Oh, yes," answered Frank, with a big smile. "I practiced every day after school until I started getting sick."

Frank and Bill began talking about basketball. Bill told him about his basketball career before his bike accident and about his adventures as the trainer for the college basketball team. Before they realized it, it was time for Bill to continue on his rounds.

"Come back again tomorrow, okay, Bill?" Frank begged. "Can we talk some more?"

"We sure can," Bill promised.

Bill tried to push Frank's illness out of his mind. He didn't want to think about Frank's life ending. Instead, he made plans to bring in some basketball pictures to surprise Frank.

Bill's last patient for the day was a ten-year-old boy named Jack. Jack had been hit by a car while riding his bicycle to school and had broken several of his bones. Bill remembered how nice Mike Thomas had been to him when he had been injured on his bicycle.

Bill promised himself, "I'm going to make Jack's stay in the hospital as interesting as Mike made mine."

"Hi," Bill smiled, as he entered Jack's room. "I hear you have a few broken bones."

Bill and Jack exchanged stories about their bike accidents. Bill promised Jack that as soon as he felt well enough, he would show him around the hospital and let him see what happens in the emergency room. Jack was looking forward to being able to get up and around again.

When Bill left Jack's room, he felt like he had made a friend. He still felt badly about his mistake with Gail, but talking to Frank and Jack made him feel better.

"At least I did some things right today," Bill reassured himself.

Bill was just getting ready to go home when he saw Ms. Maples.

"Bill," Ms. Maples called, "Are you leaving?"

"Yes," answered Bill.

Bill wasn't sure he wanted to talk to Ms. Maples. He felt ashamed of the close call he had had with Gail.

"Bill," Ms. Maples began, "before you go home, I want to tell you that I think you did a good job your first day here. I know you made one mistake," she continued, "but you did lots of things right, too. You made Sally and Jack feel at home, and Frank is much happier now than I've seen him before. I think you're going to be a good nurse. We're glad to have you working here with us."

"Thank you," said Bill. "I'm glad to hear you say that. I'll keep trying to do my best."

Bill
Story 4
Fifth

Life and Death

"Ms. Maples, how is Gail doing?" was Bill's first question when he arrived at the hospital for his second day of work.

"She's a little better today," answered Ms. Maples. "Her fever is down to 102°, and the doctor has moved her back to our ward. She is still very sick, but she isn't in the same danger that she was in yesterday."

Ms. Maples smiled at Bill. They were both relieved that Gail was out of intensive care. She would probably be all right in a week or so.

"By the way," Ms. Maples said to Bill, "Frank has been asking for you. I hope you remembered to bring your basketball pictures to show him."

"I sure did," answered Bill. "I'll go see him soon."

Bill felt much better now, knowing that Gail was back on the ward. He started off down the hall to check in on all of his patients.

During the next week, Bill got to know the children on the ward. He had his rounds to make each day, and this afternoon the first patient on his list was Sally. Sally had been in the hospital a week now, and the cut on her arm was healing well. The bump on her head had gotten smaller, and the doctor said she could go home soon.

"Hi, Sally, how are you today?" Bill asked, as he entered Sally's room.

"Fine," said Sally, "but these stitches in my arm itch."

"Let me take a look at your chart, Sally. Ah," Bill nodded his head, "the doctor wants me to take those stitches out today. That will solve the itching problem. Then you can go home."

Bill carefully laid Sally's arm out along the table he slid over her bed.

"Will this hurt?" Sally asked curiously.

"It will sting a little, but it won't really hurt," Bill replied.

He quickly cut each stitch with a pair of scissors. Then with tweezers, he pulled out each thread.

"There, I'm all finished. I'll go tell your father that he can come in and help you get ready to leave. Watch out for glass doors, Sally. Bye for now."

Bill left her room and motioned to her father to go in. Bill then picked up a lunch tray and walked into Gary's room. Gary had pneumonia and was in an oxygen tent to make his breathing easier. He couldn't eat by himself.

"Gary, it's time for lunch," Bill smiled at the twelve-year-old.

He unzipped one side of the oxygen tent near Gary's head, put the food tray and his own right arm into the tent, then zipped the tent back up as much as possible. With his arm in the tent, he fed Gary his lunch.

"It took plenty of practice before I could do this without spilling food all over the patient. Luckily, I was practicing with other nurses instead of real patients at the beginning," Bill thought, as he unzipped the tent and removed the tray.

"Bye, Gary. See if you can sleep. I gave you your antibiotic pill with your lunch, so you're all set."

Bill walked out of the room with Gary's tray. As he walked past Gail's door he heard the same awful sound he had heard only a few days earlier. He put down the tray and rushed into Gail's room.

"What's the matter, Gail?" Bill asked with concern.

"I feel terrible," Gail moaned.

He picked up Gail's chart and read Dr. Wilson's instructions. A half an hour before, he had prescribed one penicillin pill for Gail every four hours and had given her the first one then.

"That seems strange to me," thought Bill.

He walked around the bed to take Gail's pulse.

"Her pulse is fast, she's hot and feverish, and she has red blotches on her face and arms. What's the matter?" Bill wondered.

After recording the information, he flipped back through the pages of her chart. The he saw the trouble. The chart indicated that Gail was allergic to penicillin.

"She's having a drug reaction!" exclaimed Bill.

He ran out into the hall and down to the nurse's desk.

"Gail's having an allergic reaction to penicillin. Get Dr. Wilson up here right away," he called to the nurse at the desk.

Bill ran to the cabinet where the drugs were stored. He quickly unlocked the cabinet door and pulled out the adrenalin, the drug that he knew would be given to Gail to counteract the penicillin. He rushed back to Gail's room where he found Dr. Wilson and another nurse.

"I can see what's happened," Dr. Wilson said quickly. "We have to give her adrenalin right away."

"I've got it here, Dr. Wilson." Bill handed him the bottle.

"Good work. Give her an injection of three cubic centimeters."

Dr. Wilson watched as Bill gave Gail the drug. Her condition soon stabilized.

Later, in the hall, Dr. Wilson said to Bill, "I'm really glad that you were alert enough to catch my mistake. I was up all last night on an emergency call, and I just didn't think when I prescribed penicillin for Gail. Thanks for catching it. The girl could have died. Thank goodness there are nurses like you."

Bill smiled as he walked down the hall to visit Joey.

"It sure feels good to have a doctor praise your work," he thought to himself.

Today was Joey's first day out of isolation, and Bill remembered his promise. He found Joey in his room with his books already open.

"Hey, Joey," he said, "I talked to your teacher on the phone this morning. She told me about the school work you've missed while you've been here. And you know what else?"

"What's that?" asked Joey.

"She says you're going to be getting some letters here. Everyone in your class is writing to you, so you'll have lots of letters to read and answer."

"Wow, that's great!" said Joey. "I love to get letters. When will they come?"

"I'll rush them in here as soon as they arrive," promised Bill. "Meanwhile, let's look at those dinosaur books!"

When Bill and Joey had read and talked about Joey's books for a while, Bill reminded Joey that they would have to work on the school work that Joey was missing, too.

"Do we have to?" Joey whined.

"I'm afraid we do!" Bill assured him.

Bill had to leave to talk one last time with Jack. Jack had been in the hospital about a month now, and his broken bones were finally healed. It was time for him to go home!

As Bill entered Jack's room he sensed Jack's excitement.

"Bill, look at me!" exclaimed Jack, as Bill approached his bed. "How do you like my new jeans? They're my going-home present."

"I guess they're okay, Jack," teased Bill. "But don't you like wearing pajamas any more? After all, you've looked great in them for the last month."

As Bill and Jack sat there laughing, Jack's mother walked in.

"Ms. Greene, I'm Bill Anderson, a registered nurse here on Pediatrics. I wanted to come down and meet you, as well as explain Dr. Hamm's orders for Jack's home care."

"Well, Bill, this is my pleasure," said Ms. Greene. "Jack has told me so much about you. I really appreciate the way you have cared for him while he's been here."

"That's my job, Ms. Greene," smiled Bill. "Now, let me explain what Dr. Hamm has in mind. First, here is a prescription for a pill that can be used in case Jack has any pain at home. Secondly, since Jack still has the cast on his ankle, you should secure a plastic bag around his foot and ankle and make certain Jack keeps it elevated on the side of the bathtub when he takes a bath. Jack shouldn't have any problems in returning to school. He's doing fine with his crutches. Last on the list is that Jack is to return here to have his cast removed and another X-ray in six weeks. You should call Dr. Hamm's office to make the appointment."

"Fine, Bill. Thanks for all you've done for Jack. He really likes you," Ms. Greene said to Bill.

As Bill walked Jack and his mother to the elevator, he saw Ms. Maples talking to Frank's father. They looked very serious, and Frank's father seemed to be crying. Bill's stomach tightened as he realized what had happened.

As he neared, Ms. Maples turned to him and whispered, "Bill I have some very sad news for you. Frank died early this afternoon."

Bill felt sick. Just yesterday he and Frank had joked about going out to shoot some baskets as soon as he was better. Now Frank was dead.

Bill didn't know what to say. He remembered what Mike Thomas had told him about dealing with life and death every day. It was Bill's job to comfort the family of a person who has died. Bill didn't feel like he could comfort anyone now. What he needed was for someone to comfort him.

Bill was very sad as he made the rest of his rounds that afternoon. He couldn't stop thinking about Frank.

"Being a nurse isn't very easy," he thought. "I just hope I'm good enough for it."

Bill
Story 5
Fifth

A Final Decision

Several years passed, and Bill remained a nurse on the Pediatrics floor at General. He liked his job and was very good at it, but he had decided to apply for jobs at other hospitals. He wanted a job with more responsibility.

When Bill arrived at General one morning, the head nurse, Ms. Maples, was waiting for him. As he entered her office, she greeted him with a smile. "You're very prompt, Bill. Please sit down."

"Thank you, Ms. Maples," answered Bill. "What's wrong?"

"What could be wrong, Bill?" responded Ms. Maples with a mysterious twinkle in her eye. "I don't mean to tease you, Bill. As you know, I'll be leaving General soon."

"Yes, I'm sorry to hear that. How long have you been in nursing?" asked Bill.

"Since 1945," responded Ms. Maples with a sigh. "I've been head of Pediatrics since 1951."

"You've been of great service to this hospital. The staff and pediatrics patients will certainly miss you."

Bill thought of all the years of work behind Ms. Maples. He hoped that he would have as successful a career to look back on when he retired.

"Because General Hospital is my life," continued Ms. Maples, "I can't leave without knowing that my replacement will be able to keep the ward running smoothly."

Bill began to imagine why Ms. Maples was telling him these things. He couldn't believe that she might be thinking...

"I'll get right to the point. I'm recommending you for the job as head nurse of the pediatrics ward, Bill Anderson," Ms. Maples announced.

"Me?"

Bill was startled. He stood in a daze beside Ms. Maple's desk. He wondered if he was dreaming!

"Yes. Why are you so surprised? Why don't you sit down, Bill," laughed Ms. Maples.

"But I've applied for jobs at other hospitals," began Bill. He was caught by surprise and hardly knew what to say.

"I know," said Ms. Maples. "I'm telling you now because we heard today that you'll be offered a job as assistant head nurse at Central Hospital. I wanted you to know before you accepted that offer that you might have other choices."

"Ms. Maples, I'm pleased that you have so much confidence in me," Bill said slowly, "but we both know that the staff of Pediatrics, or any other ward of General, won't have a male as head nurse."

It hurt Bill to say it, but he was sure it was true.

"That's not true, Bill," insisted Ms. Maples. "I've asked the staff and most believe you would do..."

A knock at the door interrupted her. She wanted Bill to understand and believe her.

"Come in," answered Ms. Maples.

"Pardon the interruption," said the receptionist. "But a school bus from Wood Lake just had an accident. Both of you are needed in Emergency right away!"

Bill was out in a flash! He ran down the hall, pushing the morning's conversation out of his mind. He thought of nothing but the children down in the emergency room.

"Hold up, Bill, I'm coming," shouted Ms. Maples.

As they entered the emergency room, Ms. Maples caught her breath. She felt her heart pounding and said nervously to Bill, "I'm out of breath. Take over for me. I'll be here to help, but the nurses need instructions I just can't give."

"Let's do it together, Ms. Maples," suggested Bill, as he looked at the horrible scene in front of him. Crying children were everywhere. Too few doctors and nurses were trying to calm things down.

"Each nurse will care for three children until all have been moved to Pediatrics," ordered Bill. "The most severe cases should be transferred immediately."

Roy Howard cared for a little boy who was crying for his mother. Ms. Maples worked with major cut victims. Bill helped a little girl whose ankle was fractured. The entire emergency room was in chaos.

"Where's a doctor? This patient is bleeding from the mouth and nose," Roy yelled.

"Tell Nancy Holden to page more doctors on the double," cried Ms. Maples.

"Only three doctors to care for thirty-three children," exclaimed Bill. "We need more help!"

"I need two pints of O-positive blood," shouted one doctor.

"Two additional ace bandages," shouted another.

"This patient must have immediate surgery," a doctor ordered.

In the confusion, Bill worked quickly. He gently quieted a little girl with a terrible bruise and swollen knot on her forehead.

"My head hurts. I want my mommy!" cried the little girl.

"What's your name?" asked Bill. "I'm sure your mother will be here soon. Don't worry. I'm right here."

As the little girl smiled up at Bill, he was relieved to see her relaxing. As she closed her eyes, Bill checked her breathing rate.

"Bring oxygen! Quickly! She's stopped breathing!" Bill yelled. He began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Ms. Maples heard him and rushed into the crowd to find a doctor and bring the oxygen respirator.

Bill blew three large puffs of air into the girl's mouth. As she exhaled the last one, Bill realized that her heart had stopped beating. He pounded her chest firmly with his fist. He hoped her heart would respond. He massaged her chest five times over her heart. Three more puffs of air, and again he pounded his fist on her chest. Bill started a second heart massage. His own heart was pounding loudly. He only hoped that the little girl's heart would start beating again before it was too late. The specialist finally arrived, placed the oxygen mask over her little face, and wheeled the child out of sight.

"We almost lost her," said Bill in awe.

"You're right, Bill," agreed Ms. Maples. "Thanks to your quick thinking the little girl may be saved. I told you, Bill, you're a fine nurse. You deserve to be the head nurse of Pediatrics."

Bill answered quietly, "I just did what anybody else would have done."

"Bill, it's not only what you did, but how well it was done. It is your attitude and the many past experiences you've had. Your record is excellent," explained Ms. Maples.

"Thank you for the encouragement," Bill went on, "but I'd like to go find out how my patient is doing."

As Bill approached the little girl's room, he saw Nancy Holden coming out of her door. He was almost afraid to ask, but he stopped Nancy.

"How is she?" he mumbled, not really wanting to hear the answer.

"She's fine!" smiled Nancy. "She's doing just fine!"

"Whew! Am I relieved!" exclaimed Bill.

As Nancy and Bill walked down the hall, Bill's mind returned once again to the events of the early morning. It had been an eventful day. Only now did Bill think again about his chance for the new job. He wondered what the board's decision would be. They had to make the final choice.

It was several weeks before Bill finally heard from the board. He was disappointed to learn that they wanted to interview him before making a decision. He was sure they must have other good nurses in mind to take the job. He was nervous about the interview. What could he say that would convince them he would be the best head nurse of Pediatrics?

When the day for his interview arrived, Bill entered the office.

The receptionist greeted him, "Good afternoon, Mr. Anderson."

She smiled as if something were funny, but Bill was too nervous to notice.

"Hello, Ms. Butler. I have an interview with the Board of Directors," said Bill.

His uniform was sparkling white. Bill wondered if he looked all right. He wondered what he would say.

"Yes. Go right in," said Ms. Butler. "They're waiting for you."

Bill opened the door.

"Surprise!" shouted everyone.

The signs read "Congratulations, Bill Anderson, Our New Pediatrics Head Nurse."

"What, what's all this! I...I..." stammered Bill.

"Yes, Bill," said Ms. Maples. "You're the new head nurse."

"Congratulations, Bill, from all of the members of the Board of Directors," added the Chief of Staff.

"Oh. Thank you!" laughed Bill. "What can I say? I made the right choice! Nursing is my life."

Angie
Story 1
Fifth

The Virginia Bay Marina

Angie opened her eyes and saw the sun shining in through her bedroom window. The first thing she looked at when she woke up every day was her shelf of model boats. It was across the room from her bed. She and her family had made all of the boats, working on one each winter since Angie was a little girl.

Angie's favorite was the model of an ocean liner her Uncle Ted had helped her build.

"I want to be like Uncle Ted and sail all over the world," she thought. "What I want most is to be the captain of a real ocean liner."

Angie was startled from her daydreams by her mother's face smiling down at her.

"You must have sailed around the world and back again six times in the few minutes I've been standing here," her mother laughed.

"I was just thinking about Uncle Ted," Angie replied. "He must be on his way to England by now. I wish I could work on a ship sailing to England or Japan or somewhere far away."

"Well, for now," her mother said, "you will have to settle for work on our marina here in Virginia. There is plenty to do out there! The season is just about to begin. Soon people will be coming who will want to rent our row boats, sail boats, and canoes. We have to be ready for them," Angie's mother reminded her. "Someday you'll sail to your heart's content, but all good sailors must know how to take care of their ships. You can begin practicing on the boats at the marina just as soon as you jump out of that bed and into some work clothes!"

"Okay, okay. I know I'm being lazy," Angie yawned as she kicked off the blanket.

Angie started for the bathroom. She grabbed her clothes from a chair as she walked by. Her mother turned to leave but stopped at the sound of Angie's voice.

"Mom, do you really think I'll be a captain someday?" she asked.

"Yes," her mother answered her. "I think you'll make a fine captain one day."

Angie gave her mother a grateful smile.

"Your father is getting breakfast," her mother said. "We will have it on the table by the time you are dressed."

At the breakfast table they talked about what had to be done to ready the marina for its opening. It was only two weeks away. The boats had to be checked for leaks. Torn sails had to be mended. They had to unpack the fishing equipment for their store.

"Well, Angie, ready for another boating season?" her father asked with excitement.

"I sure am," Angie replied. "You know, Dad, I like working on the boats as much as I like sailing them!"

"That's good to hear, because there is plenty of work to be done," her father said.

It took all three of them the full two weeks before opening to get the marina into shape. Finally, it was ready to open.

The first car of the season pulled up loaded with people ready to fish. Angie helped them choose a row boat and accepted the rental fees. Soon they were off towards the good fishing area of the bay, ready to drop anchor and try their luck.

Next a group of teenagers arrived and rented two sailboats. Angie made sure that they knew how to put on their life preservers and then watched them as the swift breeze carried the boats away.

Next came a family with two small children. They wanted to row over to the island in the middle of the bay to have a picnic.

"Be sure to fasten the boat securely once you get to the island," Angie warned them. "With this wind today, the boat could easily drift away from you."

After the family left for the island, business slowed down, so Angie went inside to eat lunch.

"Maybe I can take a quick nap," she thought as she finished her sandwich, "and be up again before Dad needs more help."

Just as Angie drifted off to sleep, she was awakened by a call.

"Angie! Angie! Where are you?" her father cried.

"It's Dad," Angie realized through her drowsiness.

She jumped up and ran to the door. As she walked outside, a strong gust of wind almost knocked her down. Angie looked out over the bay.

"Dad!" she called as she spotted him near the dock. "I'm over here!"

"The kids with the sailboats have run into trouble," Angie's father explained. "I can see that one of the boats has capsized," he said, looking through his binoculars.

"I'll go out there in the dinghy," Angie offered.

"One of us has to stay here," her father said apologetically. "I guess you'll have to go by yourself, Angie."

As Angie set out towards the two Sunfish, she was surprised at the choppiness of the water. The wind was strong and the bay was covered with whitecaps.

"No wonder they couldn't handle the sailboat," Angie thought. "It takes an experienced sailor to make it in this kind of wind!"

When Angie pulled up next to the group of teenagers, she could see that they were fine.

"Thanks for coming out," one of the boys said sheepishly. "We were trying to race, but I guess we went a little overboard."

"In more ways than one!" Angie laughed.

One of the sailboats was bobbing upside down in the water, while its passengers were hanging onto the side of the second boat.

"There's room for you in here," Angie said, offering the swimmers a hand.

They waited in the dinghy while Angie righted the Sunfish. She held her breath and swam under the boat to make sure that all of the lines had been cast off and the sail could swing free. Then she stood on the center board, pulling up on the mast until the boat stood upright once again.

"There you go," she called to the waiting boaters. "Do you think you can do that if it capsizes again?"

"Sure!" they answered as they climbed carefully into their sailboat.

"Sure?" their friends in the other boat teased.

"Be careful," Angie said seriously. "Even good sailors take extra care in a strong wind."

"We'll be all right," they promised. "Thanks, Angie! We'll see you at the dock!"

"Whew, what a day!" Angie sighed as she and her parents sat down for supper that night.

They sat in silence for a few minutes and Angie's mind returned to the question she had asked her mother a few weeks before.

"Dad," she said, turning to her father, "do you think I'll really be the captain of an ocean liner someday?"

He looked at her and smiled.

"If you work half as hard at becoming a ship captain as you work at the marina, you will be one of the best," he said.

Angie smiled as she looked down at her plate. Her parents looked at one another knowingly. They really did believe in Angie. They knew that her sea dreams would come true.

Every summer for the next several years, Angie worked with her parents at the marina on Virginia Bay. She sailed many boats, but they were all small boats. Angie's dream was to try sailing a really big boat.

A week before her classes ended for summer vacation during her last year of high school, Angie got a very special letter.

"Hey, Mom," Angie called. "It's a letter from Uncle Ted. He says that he and Aunt Rhonda are going to come visit us."

"That's wonderful, Angie," her mother answered. "What else does Uncle Ted say?"

"A family has chartered their schooner for a vacation cruise," Angie explained. "They are scheduled to bring the family up the Atlantic coast for a two week holiday. They should be passing by here next week,and they plan to stop and spend a day with us. He says he has something important to tell me."

Angie couldn't wait for the week to pass. She was curious about the "important" news and anxious to see her relatives. She would also be happy to see her summer vacation arrive.

"I don't think I can stand to wait any longer," Angie thought one morning as she dressed for school. "I sure hope Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda get here early."

The week was finally ending. After her last day of school for the year, Angie ran home as fast as she could.

"Mom, are they here yet?" she called as she burst into the house.

"Not yet, Angie," her mother answered. "You'll have to be patient. It may be taking them longer to sail up here than they planned."

"Be patient!" Angie cried. "I can't be patient any longer. When will they get here?"

All through the evening Angie waited to hear from her aunt and uncle. By 10 o'clock, she was starting to worry.

"Mom, they should be here by now," Angie said. "What if something has happened to their sailboat?"

"I'm sure that they are all right," her mother answered. "They are good sailors, and they have a good ship. I'll tell you what, though. To make you feel better, we'll call the Coast Guard to see if they've been in radio contact with the boat."

Angie's mother went to the phone and dialed the Coast Guard. She explained what had happened and asked if they had any information on the ship.

"I'll check into it," the Coast Guard person promised, "and call you back with any news."

Angie and her family sat nervously around the kitchen table. They each pretended not to worry, but all that they could think about was Aunt Rhonda and Uncle Ted. They stared at the telephone and wished that it would ring.

Finally, they heard the telephone's welcome sound.

"Hello?" Angie's mother said anxiously.

"Hello, this is the Coast Guard calling," came the reply. "We've had a report on the boat that you asked about," he went on. "Apparently, it sailed through a bad storm yesterday. After the storm, the captain radioed in that he had engine problems. He said he'd be sailing in as soon as the wind picked up. His radio must have gone dead then. We haven't heard from him since. We've been trying to get in touch with him, but we haven't had any luck. If he's not in by tomorrow morning, we'll start a search for him," the man promised.

"Would you please keep us informed?" asked Angie's mother.

Angie's mother hung up the phone and relayed the message to Angie and her father.

"Well," she said, "there is nothing we can do until morning. It looks like we should go to bed and try to get some sleep."

Angie went to bed, but she didn't get much sleep.

"What if something has happened to Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda?" she worried. "I thought this was going to be a special day," she thought sadly.

Angie was awake almost all night. When she finally fell asleep, she dreamed about rough winds, choppy waters, and sailboats tipping over.

An Exciting Summer

Angie thought of Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda as soon as she opened her eyes. Quickly, she hopped out of bed, threw on some clothes, and rushed downstairs.

"Mom," she called, "have you heard any more about Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda?"

"Not yet," her mother answered. "I called the Coast Guard, and they have sent out a search plane to see if they can locate the boat. But we haven't heard any more, yet. Angie, why don't you come and eat some breakfast?"

Angie came to the table, but nothing tasted very good. She spent the rest of the morning and all afternoon worrying about the boat and what might have happened to her aunt and uncle.

Finally, about 5 o'clock, the phone rang.

"I'll get it," Angie shouted as she ran to the phone. "Hello?" she said quickly.

"Hello, Angie," said a deep and friendly voice. "It's Uncle Ted! I'm sorry to be a day late."

"Uncle Ted!" Angie cried. "Where are you? What happened? We've been so worried. Are you all right?"

"Don't ask so many questions at once," Uncle Ted laughed. "Yes, we are fine. We got caught in a storm and it knocked out our engine. Then the winds died, and with no motor, we couldn't go anywhere. We just sat and waited for the wind. It seemed like forever. Worst of all, the radio went dead, and we couldn't tell anybody where we were," Uncle Ted explained. "Finally, the wind picked up, and we made it in to shore. We are coming right over to see you! Is that all right?" he asked. "And don't forget, we have something important to tell you!"

Angie had almost forgotten about her message because she had been so worried about Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda. Now that she knew that her aunt and uncle were safe, she started to wonder again about the news.

When Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda arrived, they told Angie's family about their adventures in the storm. The talk went on and on. Finally, Angie could not wait any longer.

"What is it that you want to tell me?" she burst out. "Please tell me! Please!"

"Well," Aunt Rhonda laughed, "I guess it's time we told her, Ted. She's waited long enough. As you may know," she said, turning to Angie, "we are spending the summer sailing our schooner between Florida and Jamaica. We want you to come along and be part of the crew, if it's all right with your parents. We need some extra help around the ship."

"And maybe," Uncle Ted broke in, "if you work hard and get some experience steering the ship,you may be able to make a few runs by yourself by the end of the summer."

Angie couldn't believe her ears! This was more than she had ever dreamed of. They were offering her a whole summer full of trips on the schooner. Angie turned to her mother and father.

"Can I go? Please??"

Angie's parents looked at each other and smiled, nodding their heads.

"Oh, thank you!" Angie shouted with joy.

She ran over and hugged her aunt and uncle.

"I can't wait," she said. "When can we start?"

"Well, when do you finish with school?" her aunt asked.

"I finished yesterday!" answered Angie.

"Well, isn't that convenient?" winked Uncle Ted. "As a matter of fact, we are heading back to Florida tomorrow. You can come with us then."

Two weeks later, Angie was on a ship headed for Jamaica. Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda stayed with her at first, teaching her what had to be done to run a schooner. Angie was eager and quick to learn. Soon, her aunt and uncle let Angie take the wheel, while they stayed nearby in case she needed help.

Angie's first four trips went smoothly. It was during Angie's fifth sail to Jamaica that she met with trouble. It was a beautiful clear day when the schooner set out. Angie's aunt was at the wheel. Uncle Ted had stayed in Florida to finish some business.

As Angie helped the crew hoist the sails, she heard her aunt calling, "Angela, crewperson Angela!"

Angie ran towards the stern to see why her aunt had called.

"Yes, Captain Rhonda," she answered as she reached the wheel where her aunt stood. "What can I do for you, Captain?" she saluted with a grin.

"Why, I believe it's time for my inspection of the ship. Take over the wheel, Angela," her aunt stated matter-of-factly.

She had a twinkle in her eye, knowing how pleased Angie would be at this chance.

"Yes, Captain!" came Angie's quick reply.

Her aunt stood back as Angie took the wheel. The boat lurched a bit as the exchange took place. Angie gained the feel of the ship's strength, as well as her own. Her aunt stood by watching for a while and then left to tour the ship.

"Keep up the good work," she called to Angie, as she walked toward the ship's bow.

"Don't worry. Everything's under control!" Angie yelled back.

About an hour later Angie began to notice that the wind had died down and that the boat was barely moving. Her aunt was napping below, and it did not occur to Angie that anything was wrong. Angie didn't realize that this was the calm before a sea storm. The other crew members didn't know that Angie was still at the helm.

When the watchperson yelled, "Storm approaching off the starboard bow! Batten down the hatches!" no one knew to come to her aid.

Angie was sure that it would not be bad. She thought she could handle this without waking her aunt. But she was wrong. Despite her experience in other areas, she was not ready for a full blown sea storm. It hit quickly. The wind rose and then the rain came down in torrents. The ship rocked violently back and forth, and the sails looked as though they would rip off their masts.

Angie stood dripping with water, her hands wet from the rain, when suddenly the wheel slipped from her hands. The boat lurched to the starboard side and Angie fell to the deck. Just at that moment her aunt rushed up from the hole. She grasped the wheel and held it straight, guiding the ship out of the storm.

A member of the crew took Angie below and made her some tea, while she dried off and changed her clothes. After Angie and the sea had both calmed down, her aunt left the wheel to the first mate and came below to talk to Angie.

"I'm sorry," Angie began. "Please give me another chance! I really didn't mean to cause..."

Her aunt stopped her. "I know what happened wasn't on purpose. Don't apologize."

"I wouldn't blame you if you fired me right now!" Angie mumbled sadly.

"I'm not going to fire you. We both made mistakes. I should never have left you alone so long. Normally you would have done fine, but storms are not easy to handle. It was something I should have considered. On the other hand, the minute the watchperson called the warning signal, you should have yelled for help!" her aunt told her.

"You're right, Aunt Rhonda. But I was so sure I could handle that storm that I decided not to call you," Angie confessed.

"Self-assurance is good," Aunt Rhonda told her, "but over-confidence is a troublemaker. We have both learned something from this that will help us in the future."

"Not everyone would be as understanding as you are. Thank you for your patience," Angie said gratefully.

At the end of the summer Angie received a letter that she had been anxiously awaiting. She had applied for admission to the United States Merchant Marine Academy, and the return address on the envelope told Angie that this was going to be it -- acceptance or rejection.

Slowly she ripped open the envelope.

"I've made it!" she screamed as she scanned the letter. "I've got to go home soon, Aunt Rhonda. School starts in the middle of July!"

"Angie, that's wonderful that you've been accepted," her aunt and uncle agreed, "but are you sure that you really want to be a ship captain?"

"Of course I am!" Angie answered.

"It's a long haul," Uncle Ted warned her. "Do you realize that it will take ten to fifteen years of hard work before you will be a full captain?"

"I know that," Angie answered. "The years will be spent on shipboard as well as in class. I'll enjoy the training."

Angie's Uncle Ted was right. She would have to wait many years to become a ship captain. Her parents were concerned about her decision as Angie prepared to leave for her first year at the Academy.

"You are devoting your life to the sea," Angie's mother said seriously. "Think about the things that you will be missing."

"I know what I'm doing," Angie insisted. "I love being out on the water. I love the challenge of conquering the wind and the sea. I love the feeling when I've weathered a storm, when I have stayed on course in rough water, or when I have harnessed the wind in my sails."

"All right, Angie," her parents said. "We wish you luck. We know that you can make it."

Angie liked New York and the Merchant Marine Academy right away. She looked forward to spending many work-filled years there. She would spend four years in New York, for now, until she officially graduated. After that, she would have to come back periodically for more training if she expected to work her way up through the ranks to become a full Captain.

"It's a long haul," she heard Uncle Ted's words echoing through her thoughts.

"But I can do it!" Angie smiled.

Captain Angela Golden

Many years passed, and Angie worked hard. She worked her way from a "deck hand" up through "First Officer," "Second Officer," "Staff Captain," and finally, "Full Captain."

"I've done it!" Angie thought proudly. "I'm Captain Angela Golden!"

As she day-dreamed about the exciting life ahead of her, Angie was interrupted by a phone call from one of her friends.

"Angie," Tom said, "may I come to visit you? I have a friend I would like you to meet."

"Of course," answered Angie. "You know that I always like to see you."

Tom arrived at Angie's home in only a few minutes.

"Hello, Angie," Tom greeted her. "I want you to meet Mr. Fletcher. He has an important question to ask you."

"Hello, Captain Golden," said Mr. Fletcher. "I'm glad to meet you. I have heard that you are a good ship captain."

"Thank you," said Angie. "I try to do the best job I can."

"I am the president of Western Cruise Lines," Mr. Fletcher continued. "One of our Captains has just retired, and we need a new person to run one of our ocean liners. We think that you would be the person for the job. Will you think about joining our company?"

Two weeks later, Angie was on her way to California, ready to take her job with Western Cruise Lines as Captain Angela Golden.

Mr. Fletcher met her at the airport in Los Angeles.

"I'm glad to see you again, Captain Golden," he said. "Are you looking forward to your cruise to Hawaii?"

"You bet I am," answered Angie. "First, I would like to hear about the crew and the passengers who will be on board the ship."

"The crew is very anxious to meet you, too," Mr. Fletcher said. "In fact, I have heard that you already know the ship's doctor."

"Oh, really?" Angie asked. "Who?"

"Someone named Ruth Golden," answered Mr. Fletcher with a smile.

"Ruth?" cried Angie. "Cousin Ruth! Why, that's fantastic. It will be fun having her on board."

"Let's go over to the ship now," suggested Mr. Fletcher. "I will introduce you to the crew and show you around. You can chat with Ruth."

"How many passengers will be on board?" asked Angie.

"About 800," answered Mr. Fletcher. "Some of them are very important people."

"Well, I'm sure we will have a safe, enjoyable trip," Angie replied. "I'm looking forward to getting started."

Angie and the crew spent the week getting the ship ready for departure.

On the day the ship was to leave, Angie greeted the passengers one by one as they walked on board.

"Welcome aboard, Senator Silverberg. I hope you and your wife have a pleasant voyage," Angie smiled.

"I'm sure we will. I have heard a lot about you from some friends of mine at the Academy. I would like to talk to you about your experiences!" Senator Silverberg said.

People still waiting to board were lining up in back of the Senator.

"I assume that you will be seated at the Captain's table for meals, Senator?" Angie asked.

"Yes, we will. We can talk more then," the Senator replied.

They shook hands again and a crew member showed the couple to their cabin.

After the line had thinned, the ship's whistle blew its last call for boarding. People stood on the deck below waving goodbye to the passengers near the railings on the ship. The tugboats were steered into place, and the pilot came on board to guide the ship safely out of the harbor.

Angie's excitement grew at the thought of her first voyage as a Captain.

For the first two days, the cruise was pleasantly routine. A few people got sick, but Angie's cousin Ruth treated them with few problems. There were parties and swimming and basketball. The weather was beautiful and everyone was having a good time.

On the third day of the trip, the weather reports promised trouble. A major storm was brewing, and the ship was heading into it. Angie called the First Officer and engineer into her cabin to discuss the coming storm.

"It looks like there may be trouble ahead. A hurricane is forming off this point," she warned them as she pointed to the spot on the map. "If our luck is good, we will make it past that point before the storm gets too bad."

"Should we speed up the engines, Captain?" the engineer asked.

"Only a small amount. If we speed them up too much, we will waste fuel. Then, we would have to stop, and the only port before Hawaii is right in the path of the storm," Angie explained.

"How about the passengers?" the first mate asked. "Should they be told?"

"There is no need to panic them. We probably will get through this safely. If it looks as though things will get rough, we'll explain the situation to them then. Panic will only make things worse. Meanwhile, inform those crew members who should know. Do as good a job as you've been doing all along. That's all." Angie dismissed the two men.

They were a day and a half past the point where the storm should have hit. Then that terrible calm set in that Angela recognized so well from her Virginia sails. The other crew members recognized it, too.

Angie immediately sent out orders over the crew's speaker.

"All officers to my cabin. All officers to the Captain's cabin," she repeated. "Crew members prepare for bad weather."

The passengers began to stir restlessly. Angela tried to calm them.

Over the general loud speaker she announced, "Passengers, do not be alarmed. We are entering an area of rough weather, but we should have no trouble. Please return to your cabins and pass the time as you would on a rainy day on land."

By this time the officers were crowded into the captain's cabin. The sky had darkened, and the wind began to pick up.

"Officer Marshall," Angie turned to the radio officer, "radio back to the nearest port. Tell them our position and our situation. Then keep in constant contact until the storm is over."

"Yes, Captain," the radio officer saluted and turned to go.

"Officer Forman, go down to the engine room. Cut the engines to low and keep them as steady as you can. I'll be down as soon as I can," Angie continued.

"Yes, Captain Golden," Officer Forman replied as he turned to leave for the engine room below.

"Officer Carson," Angela continued, "we haven't much time. You and I will have to help the rest of the crew above deck prepare for the storm."

She reached in her closet for two raincoats. She tossed one to Officer Carson.

Angie stepped over to the radio and announced, "All hands on deck! All hands on deck!"

Then she turned to Ruth and the Steward who were waiting for instructions.

"Ruth," she said, "you stand by in case anyone needs medical assistance. You can stay in my cabin for the time being, if you want to."

"Officer Trisler," she went on, "see that the kitchen equipment and food supplies are firmly in place. If anything happens, we have to try to save the food for an emergency."

"Yes, Captain Golden."

Officer Trisler opened the cabin door and walked out toward the kitchens. Angela and Officer Carson turned toward the deck below. When they reached the outside, the crew was already fighting a growing gale. They were in the process of tying down deck chairs and fastening doorways. Angela decided that she had better check the engines.

The heavy rains began, and the ship started to sway. The ocean waves were steadily growing. Angela knew that they would soon be washing over the deck. Before going to the engine room, she went to the radio room to check the position of the center of the storm.

"Officer Forman, what's our location?" Angie inquired.

"We're forty-five miles from land, Captain," Officer Forman answered. "The Coast Guard says that it looks like a bad one from where they are. They say several ships have been hit. Two were able to ride it out, but one went down."

"Well, Officer Forman, we are not going to be the second to sink! When should we hit the calm of the storm's eye?" Angie asked.

"In about half an hour, Captain," Officer Forman answered.

"We'll try to ride it out," Angela said as she saluted and left.

In the engine room Angela found that one of the propeller blades had been torn off of the shaft. The chief engineer was trying to keep a steady hold on the wheel, but the broken blade had thrown the steering off balance.

"It will take six people to keep the ship on course, Captain Golden," Officer Carson told her nervously.

"Then let's not worry about staying on course now. Just try to keep it from tipping!" Angie answered.

At that point, the boat heaved to the left. The storm was in full swing. Angela and the engineer both took hold of the wheel and pulled until the ship was back to an upright position.

"Sailor Wilson," Angela called through gritted teeth, "take my place. I want to go check on the passengers. I'll be back soon."

As Angela opened the first hallway door, a group of frightened people came rushing at her.

"Now settle down," she calmly told them. "This is a tropical storm, but we are almost at the tail end of it. Our ship is sturdy--"

At that point the boat lurched to one side.

"Sturdy, huh?," a man shouted as he helped raise a woman off of the hallway floor.

"You will all be much safer if you return to your cabins, as I suggested earlier. Of course the boat will rock and sway. The wind is very strong during a hurricane and--"

"A hurricane!" someone broke in. "I thought you said it was only a storm!"

"A tropical storm is a hurricane, sir," Angela explained. "We are near the end of it. If you will just return to your cabins and try to relax, we should pass through it in a couple of hours."

"You should have known about this!" a woman yelled in anger. "How could you do this to us?"

At every level, Angela ran into angry passengers. By the time she had reached the last hallway, she was a bit dazed. Suddenly, a crewmember rushed into the hallway, dripping wet and shaking.

"Captain Golden!" he called, as he pointed to the deck above.

"What is it?" Angie shouted at him. "What's happened?"

"It's Senator Silverberg, Captain. His wife can't find him anywhere. She says he rushed out of his cabin muttering something about going out on deck to see what was happening," the crewmember reported.

"Out of my way, please!" Angie shouted, as she pushed the sailor aside and ran up the steps to the deck.

She knew that the deck was a dangerous place right now.

Angie rushed out onto the deck and began pushing her way through the driving rain.

"Senator Silverberg!" she called as the wind almost pushed her off balance. "Senator Silverberg, are you out here?"

Hawaii at Last!

Angie's heart pounded as she looked out into the driving rain. She could see no farther than two feet in front of her.

"Senator Silverberg! Where are you?" Angie shouted. "Are you out here? Are you all right?"

"Over here! Here!" Angela heard a faint voice responding.

"Where are you, Senator Silverberg? I can't see you!" Angie called.

"By the railing. Here by the railing!" came the response.

Angela looked in each direction trying to see. The boat rocked. The blowing salt water stung in her eyes. Finally she saw the hazy figure of a man, trying to hold on to the slippery railing. Angela started towards him, but the wind drove her back. She tried again, this time advancing a few feet in Senator Silverberg's direction. Then a second gust of wind hit them both full force. Angela saw the man start to slip over the side. In a burst of energy, she reached the Senator just in time to grasp his hands. Angela pulled with all of her strength, trying to lift the man back up onto the deck. She wanted to call for help, but she was afraid to use the extra energy.

"Help me! Please, please help me!" Senator Silverberg whispered.

The rain was slacking off and the wind was dying down.

"I'm trying," Angela answered through clenched teeth.

Just then Officer Carson came running to her aid. Together they managed to slide the senator on to the slippery floor of the upper deck. They drew him to a standing position and led him to the ship's hospital room.

"Sit down, Captain," Angie's cousin Ruth ordered sternly, while she and Officer Carson lifted Senator Silverberg onto an examination table.

"No, I'm all right, Ruth," Angie answered. "I have to get down to the engine room while the calm lasts."

"You should rest a few minutes, Angie," Ruth suggested.

"I feel fine," Angela insisted. "I really must go. We only have about fifteen minutes left until the other side of the storm hits!" Angie said as she got up to leave.

"I'll check the engines, Captain," Officer Carson volunteered.

"We will check the engines, Officer Carson," Angela corrected.

She had no time to worry about herself. She had a whole ship full of people to worry about. She would take care of herself later.

"Make sure that Senator Silverberg is all right, Ruth. I'll be back to check on him later. Let's go," Angie ordered.

With that, she bounded out through the door with Officer Carson following close behind. When they reached the engine room, they found that two sailors had been knocked unconscious during the storm, but the other five had done well. They switched on the emergency engines and prepared for the second half of the storm.

"The storm is not over, but the worst is past," Angela announced over the loud speaker. "When the weather calms, there will be a hot meal awaiting you in the dining room. I will join you there."

The second half of the storm was not as bad as the first. People were able to walk without falling, and the waves died down to almost normal size. Angela checked their position with the radio officer and found that they were only twenty miles off course. It would take them only one hour more than they had planned to reach Hawaii.

Angela went back to check on Senator Silverberg. Aside from a few pulled muscles, the Senator would be fine.

"He's sleeping now," Ruth informed Angela, "but he said he wanted to see you when he wakes up. He wants to thank you."

"I was only doing my job," Angie told her cousin.

Angie was beginning to feel a little weak, as Ruth had predicted. She sat down on a nearby chair.

"Let me examine you," Ruth suggested, as she moved toward Angela. "Then after dinner you should go lie down and rest for awhile."

They smiled at one another, both feeling relief that the crisis was over.

Angela held mixed feeling about the whole adventure. The people who were still angry with her made her unhappy. However, she knew that she had done her job as well as she knew how. She would not let those few ruin her vacation. She would enjoy Hawaii along with all of the rest of the people aboard ship.

Hawaii was a beautiful place. Angie got to know some of the passengers and crew a bit better. They all went swimming, sailing, and fishing together. A few times she and a few friends rented a small boat and sailed to a secluded spot. There they fished and swam all afternoon.

But the vacation was nearing an end. The cargo had been unloaded when they had docked. The propeller had been repaired. The new cargo shipment was now replacing the old. Things had to be readied for the return trip.

The native children were fascinated by the big boat in their harbor. Although they had seen many like it, they never lost interest. Some would play near the boat all day, hoping to see something exciting happen. Sometimes Angela and the other crew members would talk to them.

"Will you give us a ride on your ship, mister?" a small boy asked one of the sailors.

"I'm afraid it is not _my_ ship. You'll have to ask the captain," the sailor replied.

"Where is he?" the little boy's sister wanted to know.

"Our captain isn't a he. Our captain is a woman," the sailor informed them.

"You mean your captain is a girl?" the boy inquired in disbelief.

"That's right!" the sailor assured him.

"No!" the boy said as though he thought the sailor were teasing him. "Ship captains can't be girls!"

"Well, ours is!" The ship's whistle blew a loud blast. "Now I have to go back to work. That's what the whistle means. See you later!" he called as he walked away.

"Goodbye!" shouted the little girl after him.

Two days later the ship was ready to sail. When all of the passengers were on board, the S.S. Rutledge was moved safely out to sea. The return trip seemed more cheerful than the arrival had been. Everyone seemed to have put the frightening storm behind them. To celebrate the return to Los Angeles, the recreation officer arranged a huge party. The tables were filled with food and the music was lively.

"Good evening, Captain Golden," the passengers greeted Angela as she walked into the room.

"Good evening," she answered with a relaxed smile.

"This is the best party we've had since the trip began!" someone told Angela.

"I'm glad you are enjoying yourself!" she grinned.

While most of the passengers were having fun, there were two who were finding the trip a bit rough. In a lifeboat on the starboard side of the ship, two small figures huddled together. The smell of the food drifted their way, making their stomachs growl with hunger. The friendly lights were barely visible through a crack in the tarp that covered the boat.

After talking to sailor several days earlier, the little Hawaiian boy and girl had decided to take a trip on the S.S. Rutledge. They were going to see the world.

As the time passed, the food smelled better and better. The lights grew warmer and more friendly. Slowly they crept out of their hiding place.

"Shhh!" cautioned the little girl, as a board creaked under their feet. "We'll get caught!"

"How are we going to get the food without someone seeing us?" the boy whispered, rubbing his growling stomach.

"We can't right now. Now we can only look. Then later, when everyone goes to bed, we can sneak back and eat something," she told him.

They moved along the wall around the deck until they came to a port hole.

"It's too high!" the girl whispered. "How will we see?"

"You can climb on my shoulders," her brother offered.

"But you're smaller than me!" the girl laughed. "You can't lift me up."

"Then you get down and I'll get up on your shoulders," the boy suggested.

"Then I won't get to see!" his sister argued.

"I'll tell you everything," promised the little boy.

"Okay. Don't miss a thing!" she demanded with quiet excitement.

She crouched down and her brother climbed onto her shoulders.

"Uuuhhh! You're heavier than I thought!" she said as she raised him up to the port hole.

"Quiet! Someone will hear!" he whispered.

Carefully, he raised his head to the window. People were dancing! People were talking and laughing! Everywhere he looked, there were tables and tables of food. He couldn't take his eyes away! He snapped out of his trance when he felt his sister tugging at his shirt. Just as he was about to get down, he thought he noticed someone staring at him. He ducked quickly.

"Get down! Get down!" he motioned to his sister.

She dropped to her knees. "Did someone see you?"

"I think so!" he replied in a frightened whisper.

"Are you sure?"

"Pretty sure," he answered.

"Then we'd better get out of here! Quick!" she ordered.

She started to move back the way they had come.

"Wait!" she cried. "Take off your shoes! Then maybe we won't make so much noise."

This hadn't occurred to her before. Maybe, with no shoes on, they could get back to the life boat safely.

The two children took off their shoes and crept as quietly as they could back towards their hiding place. They had almost reached it when the little boy stumbled into a deck chair. There was a crash as the chair fell over and a muffled cry of pain.

"Now you've done it!" his sister cried. "Someone is coming. Jump into the boat and don't breathe!"

Just as they reached their hiding place, a tall figure walked out on deck to see what had caused all of the noise.

Angie
Story 5
Fifth

Heading Towards Home

The two Hawaiian children huddled together in the lifeboat. They looked up at the tall figure that had just appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, no," whispered the boy. "It's a sailor. He's going to find us and beat us up."

"Shut up," his sister hissed, "or I'm going to beat you up."

The two children crouched in their hiding place and tried not to move.

"See anything out there?" someone inside called out to the sailor.

"Nothing but a deck chair that's been turned over," answered the sailor. "It must have been the wind."

The two children shook with fear as they saw the sailor walk straight towards their hiding place.

"We are lucky it's so dark tonight," thought the girl.

They were indeed lucky. The sailor picked up the deck chair and walked back towards the party. He hadn't seen them! The two children breathed a sigh of relief.

"Whew, that was close!" gasped the girl. "He looked straight at us!"

"What are we going to do now?" asked the boy. "I'm starving!"

"We'll have to wait until everyone is gone," answered his sister. "Then we can go in and get some food."

Meanwhile, inside of the party room, Angela stood watching the smiling faces of the crew and passengers. She was enjoying herself, partly because it was a celebration of their return home. The horrors of the first part of the trip seemed to have been forgotten. Angie and the crew stayed at the party until all of the passengers had returned to their cabins.

"Shall we clean up, Captain?" the crew asked her.

"Let's not spoil the party by cleaning up now," Angie answered. "You can wait until morning."

"Yes, Captain Golden. Thank you," the crew smiled.

No one was going to disagree with that order.

After everyone else had gone to sleep, Angela wandered around the deck. She was too restless to sleep. As she came near the party room, she heard voices. The room was dark.

"What could that be?" she wondered.

She slowly reached her hand around the wall and switched on the light. There stood two startled children with their mouths full of food. Angie was as surprised as they were.

"What's this?" she questioned in amazement.

She knew that there were no children on this cruise.

"Where have you come from?" she asked.

But it was obvious. They were Hawaiian, and they were stowaways.

The children began to back away from the table as Angela neared.

"It's all right! I'm not going to throw you overboard!" she laughed.

"We just wanted a ride on the boat," the little boy said softly.

"No!" cried the little girl. "We wanted to see the world!"

Angie was speechless. She was amazed at their courage but worried about what to do with them.

"Why don't we sit down," she said finally. "You can tell me all about it while you eat a proper meal."

They told her everything. They had hidden in some boxes and crawled out at night to hide in the lifeboat. They had forgotten to bring food and had been stealing things from the kitchen.

"You'll have to go back to Hawaii, you know!" Angie told them.

"Oh, please don't send us back!" they cried.

"Don't you think anyone will miss you?" Angie asked.

"I don't think so," the little boy said, puzzled at the thought.

"What about your parents and your friends?" Angie reminded them.

"Well, they might," the girl agreed.

"I'll tell you what," Angela began. "We'll find some comfortable beds for you for the night and in the morning I'll give you a tour of the ship. Since we don't stop before we reach California, we will just have to show you a good time until then."

"Can we meet the captain?" the boy wanted to know.

"Yes, tomorrow you can meet the captain," Angela smiled at them.

She led them to an empty cabin. They fell asleep almost at once. In the morning, before they had awakened, Angela went to the radio room. She sent a message through to the Coast Guard back in Hawaii. She reassured them that the children were safe and unharmed. Then Angela took the children to breakfast and introduced them to the passengers.

"It seems we have returned with two more guests than we started out with!" Angie announced. "This is Mona and her brother Lon."

People joked about the incident. Some offered to care for the children for the remaining two days of the trip. Arrangements were made to take turns.

Lon began tugging at Angela's coat.

"Hey, lady," Lon whispered.

"Yes?" Angela nodded.

She bent over the little boy to hear his quiet voice more clearly. She needn't have done so. The next words he spoke were loud and clear.

"Where's the captain?" he asked.

People began to chuckle.

"Why, she is the captain!" Senator Silverberg said.

"But she can't be the captain! She's a girl!" the boy blurted out.

"Yes, she can!" the girl told him. "Remember what the sailor said?"

"I don't believe she's a captain. Do something a captain does!" the little boy demanded.

Just at that moment the first engineer came in and walked straight to Angela. He whispered something into her ear. People began to look suspicious. They sensed that something was wrong. They began to stir uneasily in their seats. Angela's face was serious. Because she knew that the passengers were worried, she told them what she had just learned.

"It seems that we are having a slight bit of engine trouble, folks. Nothing to get alarmed about. You finish your breakfasts and I'll have it fixed in no time," Angela assured them.

"Yeah, like you fixed the storm?" someone shouted.

It was the woman who had gotten hysterical during the hurricane. She started a chain reaction.

"Maybe the kid's got something," someone said. "A woman just can't be a captain!"

"I'll never take a trip with a female captain again! It's nothing but trouble!" others agreed.

"I haven't got time to argue with you," Angie said, trying to hold back her anger. "I'll do the best job that I can."

She left the room, the engineer following close behind.

"Some of you are still blaming Captain Golden for that storm," Senator Silverberg said as he rose to his feet. "She had no more to do with it than you or I. She is a person just like any of us. She can make mistakes, but in this case, it is you who have made the mistake. Just think. How many of you were injured in the storm?"

"I was hurt mentally!" a woman insisted.

"You were frightened," Senator Silverberg corrected her. "It is an experience you will never forget. But it will not damage the rest of your life. I, myself, can only be thankful that Captain Golden was there when I was in trouble. I would most certainly have been drowned, if she hadn't found me when she did."

"I agree with the Senator," a man in the audience joined in. "We are acting very foolishly. Captain Golden did not cause that storm. She got us safely out of it. All in all, I think the Captain has made this a safe and pleasant journey."

"Captain Golden didn't cause the engine breakdown either. We shouldn't blame her," another passenger offered.

"Yeah, well let's see a woman get us out of mechanical trouble!" someone said sarcastically.

Others agreed.

While all of this talk was going on, the two children sneaked out of the dining room and went down to where Captain Golden was hard at work, repairing a broken valve. They stood in the doorway with open mouths, watching her work. After several hours had passed, she had the engine running as smoothly as before.

"You did it, Captain!" the little boy cried.

The sound of the tiny voice in the big room surprised the crew. Along with Angela, their heads jerked toward the sound.

"I knew she would!" the girl answered him.

"Well, then maybe you can help me convince the people upstairs that I really am a captain!" Angela said.

Angela was worried. She had known that some day someone would challenge her ability to be a captain. But a whole crowd at once? She was not prepared for that.

"You can face them," the chief engineer assured her.

"We'll go with you!" the children cried together.

"Okay!" Angela said. "Let's go!"

Some of the crew members followed Angela and the children to the dining room. They stood in the hallway and waited to see what would happen. Angela was covered with grease as she walked into the room. Her jacket sleeve was torn.

"Get a little rough down there, Captain?" someone said in a nasty tone.

"Yes, as a matter of fact it did," Angie answered. "However, the engine is fixed. We are on our way again."

"I'll bet that she didn't even touch it. A man probably fixed that engine while she stood by and rubbed grease on herself. That way we would think she did it," a man in the crowd told the passengers.

"No!" Lon yelled. "Captain Golden fixed the engine! We saw her! My sister and I saw her fix the engine!"

The engineer added, "Captain Golden did fix the engine. I was unable to find the trouble, but she found it right away and fixed it."

The passengers looked sheepishly at one another and then up at Angela.

"We're sorry," someone admitted. "We should have had more confidence in you."

"That's right," another agreed. "All in all, this has been a pleasant voyage."

"Let's hear it for Captain Golden!" Mona cried.

"Let's hear it for home!" Angie added, as she saw the California coastline appear along the horizon.

The Airport Restaurant

"How about some coffee?" John offered as he cleared a space at the counter for Susan. "Did you have a good flight today?"

"I sure did," answered Susan. "It was as smooth as a breeze, and I had a fantastic layover in Los Angeles. One day I went to Disneyland, and the next day I worked on my suntan down at the beach."

"Wow!" exclaimed John. "I'm really envious!"

"But wait until you hear where I'm going next," Susan laughed. "I have two weeks of vacation coming soon, and the airlines will sell me a ticket to fly anywhere in the United States for only 10% of the regular price. I'm going to spend the first week skiing in Colorado and then go down to Florida to visit my grandmother."

"What a life," sighed John. "But I had better stop daydreaming and get back to work now, Susan. People are waiting."

As he cleared the dirty dishes from a nearby table, John thought again about what it would be like to travel thousands of miles each week. It was hard to believe that Susan had visited so many interesting places.

"Would you like some more coffee?" John asked Susan as he passed by with a fresh pot of coffee.

"Yes, thanks," Susan smiled.

"I envy you people who work on airplanes," John sighed. "I would like to see faraway places and do exciting things!"

"Being an airplane attendant is interesting," Susan replied. "But you have a nice job here. Don't you like it?"

"Oh, sure. I like it very much," John answered. "I enjoy waiting on people and making them feel at home. I like meeting people from all over the country, but I'd like to do some traveling, too. Your job sounds like a great combination of working with people and traveling, too."

"Well, John, if you feel that way, maybe you should think about becoming an airplane attendant," suggested Susan. "It sounds like you'd enjoy it."

"I'll think about that, Susan," John promised.

Other customers were arriving, so John returned to his duties.

"Hello, Mr. Mott," John greeted one of the airport restaurant's regular customers.

"Hi, John," smiled Mr. Mott. "This is my nephew, Tony. Can you get us two cokes to go? I'm taking Tony up for a ride in my new Cessna."

"Sure," replied John. "It sounds like fun, Tony! I'll get your cokes right away."

"Have a safe trip!" John called as Mr. Mott and Tony disappeared out of the door.

For a while, the restaurant was almost empty. John swept the floor and made a fresh pot of coffee. As noon approached, people began to come in for lunch. Many of them were people John knew: baggage clerks, flight attendants, pilots, and others who worked at the airport. As John served them their food, he thought about Susan's suggestion.

"Maybe I should become a flight attendant," he told himself. "I know it's hard work, but I would get vacation time, too, and a chance to travel to exciting places! It's starting to make this restaurant job seem boring."

By the time John had served most of the lunch customers, he had almost made up his mind. "A job with the airlines certainly sounds like my kind of work," John thought to himself.

After the lunch crowd had left, John went to the back room of the restaurant to take his afternoon break. The first thing he did was turn on his short wave radio. While eating lunch, John liked to listen to the conversations between the control tower and the pilots.

"This is Trans World 583 descending from 6,000 feet, requesting permission to land," came a voice over the radio.

"I recognize that one. That's the flight from Cleveland that comes in at 2:30 every afternoon," John thought as he glanced at his watch. "And right on time, too."

By now, John was familiar with most of the flights that arrived and departed at this time of the day.

Just as John finished his lunch, an excited voice came over the radio.

"Control tower. This is Cessna 150 N1345M," cried the voice. "My landing gear is stuck. I can't get it down. What should I do?"

"Control tower to Cessna 150 N1345M," came the reply. "Are you sure that you have followed the proper procedure? Circle once more and try it again."

"It's no use," the pilot groaned. "I've tried it twice. It's jammed. It won't come down."

"Well, if you are sure of that," the voice from the tower told him, "you will have to make an emergency landing. Keep circling while we clear the runway and cover it with foam."

"Okay," answered the pilot. "Signal when you are ready for me to attempt a landing."

"Oh, no," thought John. "That's Mr. Mott and he's in real trouble."

John ran back to the main part of the restaurant where there was a large window which looked out on the runways. Looking up, he could see Mr. Mott circling above the runway. John watched as two people climbed into the fire truck and drove it, with red lights flashing, out toward the runway. By now, the runway had been cleared. The firefighters were given the signal, and they started covering the runway with a layer of thick white foam.

A crowd was gathering at the window. People began to realize that something exciting was going on.

"What are they doing out there?" a voice called from the crowd.

"It's Mr. Mott's plane," John told the crowd. "His landing gear is broken. They're putting down foam so he can land."

"What good will the foam do?" someone asked.

"It will help cushion the impact of the plane," came the reply from someone else in the crowd. "And if a fire starts, it will help to put it out. The crash will probably still damage the plane, but at least the passengers will have a better chance of getting out safely."

The crowd watched, fascinated, as the firefighters spread the foam over the runway. They stood motionless, waiting for the plane to land.

"I'll go get my radio," John shouted. "Then we can hear the tower's instructions."

"Tower to Cessna 150 N1345M," they heard the voice on the radio say. "The foam is ready. Come in for a landing."

"Roger. On my way," answered Mr. Mott.

The crowd was silent as the plane began its descent. They watched it approach the runway, until it was flying only a few feet above the ground. Suddenly they saw it hit the ground. Then the plane was lost in a blizzard of foam. It skidded dangerously down the length of the runway. Finally, it wobbled to a halt.

The crowd saw the firefigters rush toward the plane. They quickly opened the plane doors and helped Mr. Mott and Tony climb out.

"Are they all right?" asked someone in the crowd. "Can you tell if they are hurt?"

"They look all right," answered John. "They're both able to walk, anyway."

Everyone watched as Mr. Mott and Tony were led to the waiting ambulance. Then, with the excitement over, the crowd slowly broke up. Some people left the restaurant, while others, who had not finished eating, returned to their tables.

By now, John's afternoon break was long over. He wanted to find out how Mr. Mott and his nephew were doing, but he had to get back to his job. He was busy the next hour, taking people's orders and bringing them food, but he couldn't stop worrying about how his friend was doing.

"Hello, Mr. Henley. I'm glad to see you!" John called as he saw him enter the restaurant. "That was some accident out there! We were impressed with the way you firefighters handled it. What happened to Mr. Mott and his nephew? Are they all right?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Henley. "They are going to be fine. They just got a few bruises. They were very lucky."

"That's good to hear," John told Mr. Henley. "Now, can I take your order?" he asked.

"I'll have some pie and coffee, please," Mr. Henley said. "And, by the way, John, we need a new firefighter on our crew. Are you interested in the job?"

"I hadn't thought about it, Mr. Henley," answered John, "but I have been thinking of becoming an airplane attendant. I was talking to Susan about it earlier today. I like working with people, and I really want to travel. I could get paid for doing those things as an airplane attendant."

"That sounds like a good idea," laughed Mr. Henley. "Why don't you give it a try?"

"I think I will," answered John.

That night when John got home, he wrote a letter to the airline that Susan worked for, asking for information about their airline attendant training program. Several days later, he received a reply.

The letter read, "Dear John: Please fill in the enclosed application to come to our training school. We will contact you concerning our decision in several weeks."

"Well, that's done," thought John as he dropped the application into a mailbox. "Now all I have to do is wait for their answer."

John
Story 2
Fifth

John's New Job

The first thing John noticed when he looked at his mail was the letter from the Airlines.

"This is it!" he shouted excitedly as he ripped open the envelope. "I hope they've accepted me."

Quickly, he read the letter.

"I made it!" he shouted. "I start school next Monday!"

John was so excited that he almost forgot that he had to be at work by 5 o'clock. He had to run all the way to the Airport Restaurant to make it on time. As he burst in through the door, he bumped into a man who was just leaving.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," John apologized.

"Why, John!" interrupted the man. "I was just looking for you."

"Mr. Mott! I'm so glad to see that you are out of the hospital!" said John. "That was some landing you made! How is Tony doing?"

"Oh, he's fine," Mr. Mott answered. "He'll be back in school in a few more days."

"I really am sorry I bumped into you. I'm so excited about some good news that I wasn't looking where I was going," John explained.

"Hey, John. What's this about some good news?" called a familiar voice from a nearby table.

"Hi, Susan," said John. "I didn't expect to find you here today. What happened? Was your flight cancelled?"

"Bad weather," answered Susan. "We can't take off until tonight. But don't keep us waiting. What's the good news?"

"Yes, John," urged Mr. Mott, "tell us about your news."

"Well, I got a letter from the Airlines today. They're going to let me train to become a flight attendant. I start school next Monday."

"Fantastic!" cried Susan. "I knew you'd get in."

"Why, that's fine news," Mr. Mott agreed. "You'll do a very good job."

"Thanks for the faith in me," smiled John. "It's nice to see you both, but I've got to run now. I'm late for work as it is. See you!" he called as he hurried back to the kitchen to check in with the manager.

"Hey, Denny! Guess what!" called John as he put on his uniform. "I'm getting a new job!"

"Why?" asked Denny in surprise. "I thought you liked it here."

"I do," replied John, "but I'm going to be a flight attendant. I just got the letter today telling me I've been accepted."

"A flight attendant!" cried Denny. "You've got to be kidding!"

"No, I'm not kidding," answered John. "I start training on Monday."

"What do you want to do a thing like that for?" asked Denny. "That's no job for men. That's women's work. Why don't you at least be a pilot. That's where the action's at."

"Well, I thought about being a pilot," answered John, "but I like being around people. A pilot spends all his time in the cockpit, so I thought I'd like the job of flight attendant better. Besides, it takes years to learn how to be a pilot. I'll be a flight attendant in only five more weeks."

"Well, it's your life, I guess," said Denny. "I don't understand it, but good luck anyway."

"Thanks," said John. "I'll need it. I hear that training school is hard work."

The training was hard work, but John enjoyed it.

"Okay, everybody, over here for the fire drill," shouted John's teacher.

This was John's fifth and last week of training. During the first week he had learned how to prepare and serve meals and how to make the passengers comfortable. The second week they had learned about the mechanics of the plane, and the third week had been spent learning first aid, so they could help passengers who were sick or injured.

John had also been trained in dealing with hijackers.

"The best way to prevent a hijack," the instructor had said, "is to make sure that nobody can get into the cockpit. The door to the cockpit must be locked at all times. As a flight attendant, you each will have a key to the door, because you will have to get in to take food to the crew. No one else will be allowed admittance except the pilot and the crew."

"If you should have a hijacker on your plane," the instructor continued, "the most important thing to remember is to keep the passengers safe. Don't do anything that might bring harm to the passengers."

"I hope I never have to face a hijacker," thought John. "I don't think I'd know what to do, even after all of this training."

John was thinking about hijackers when he went over to begin the fire drill.

"All right, everybody inside," ordered the teacher. "When the smoke begins to fill the plane, practice the proper fire emergency procedures."

John's class waited expectantly for the smell of the smoke.

At the first whiff, John ran to the loudspeaker and announced, "Stay calm, everyone. The captain tells us there is a small fire in one of the engines. We will be making an emergency landing. As soon as we have landed and the flight attendants have opened the emergency doors, they will put down the slides. You may then slide down to safety."

By now the cabin had filled with smoke. This was a practice drill, but the smoke was real. John was coughing and his eyes were burning so badly that he could hardly find the emergency doors. He finally managed to get one open and then maneuvered the slide into position. He calmly helped the others slide to the ground. John could hardly breathe when it was finally his turn to exit.

The teacher was waiting at the bottom of the slide for them.

"Well done," she congratulated him. "You got all the passengers out very quickly. I hope you do as well if you are ever in a real fire emergency."

"Thank you," answered John, as he coughed and gasped for breath. "That was so much like a fire that I almost forgot that this was just a practice."

John finished his fifth week of the training session. He was ready for his first real flight as an airplane attendant.

"I hope I'm going to do a good job," thought John as he climbed on board the plane. "Practicing is one thing, but having to deal with real people and real situations is something very different."

He was nervous at first, but he tried to be friendly to the passengers and found that they were friendly in return. His first several flights went very smoothly, and John enjoyed himself very much.

"This is going to be a great job," he thought. "And tomorrow I'm going to make my first trip across the ocean. I'm finally starting to travel!"

John's first flight across the ocean began routinely. An hour into the flight, however, the head attendant was called to the cockpit. John knew there was trouble when he saw the "Fasten Seat Belt" sign go on.

"What's happening?" John wondered. "Maybe we're headed for some bad weather."

A few minutes later, the head attendant beckoned to John.

"The pilot would like to talk to you," he whispered. "It's urgent."

John walked quickly to the front of the plane.

"John," began the pilot, "my co-pilot tells me you're a good mechanic. Do you know this airplane well?"

"I'm especially interested in things like that," answered John. "I spent a lot of time studying about this type of plane in the training school."

"Good," continued the pilot, "because we have a very serious situation here. The panel lights indicate that we have a heat build-up in the luggage compartment. As you know, that area is difficult to reach while in flight. If it's on fire, we're in big trouble. We might crash into the ocean. I want you and the co-pilot, Ben, to go see what you can do. Please hurry."

John and Ben hurried to the back of the plane. They quickly opened the small hatch door that led into the baggage compartment. Smoke poured out. It was a fire, just as the pilot had feared.

"We have a fire," Ben reported to the pilot over the intercom. "Depressurize the plane and take it to a lower altitude in case we have to open the outer hatch. Meanwhile, we'll try to put it out."

The two men struggled through the narrow opening. It was hot and smoky. They held their oxygen masks close to their faces, feeling their way through the luggage compartment. Ben stumbled on a luggage platform. John helped him up and they continued moving forward. Finally, they spotted the source of the fire. A large wooden crate was smoldering, glowing orange.

"Do you think we can put it out?" John asked Ben.

"Quickly, John," Ben ordered, "bring me an ax and the fire extinguisher."

John moved forward. He was beginning to feel the heat and lack of oxygen. His lungs were burning. He had to cough. He grabbed the ax, and with all his strength he swung at the smoldering crate. But he realized that they were too late. Part of the flooring was beginning to burn. They would never get the fire out. They would have to try to chop the burning part free and drop it out of the plane.

"John, open the hatch door as far as you can," shouted Ben.

He knew it was safe to open the hatch, now that the plane was depressurized and at a low altitude. Ben swung as hard as he could, and the burning part broke free. Quickly, John and Ben took the axes and pushed the mass of smoldering material out the hatch. They saw it drop towards the ocean.

John was exhausted. His lungs burned and ached, but he was still able to grab the fire extinguisher and spray around the area in case any sparks had escaped. He and Ben made their way back into the cabin. They collapsed in their seats, exhausted.

Later, the pilot came back to talk to them.

"You have saved the plane from crashing today," he said. "We are all lucky to have such quick-thinking and well-trained people on board this plane."

John
Story 3
Fifth

South of the Border

When John reported for duty on the flight to Mexico, he was surprised to see his friend Susan already on board the plane.

"Hi, Susan," he called. "Don't tell me that you are scheduled to go to Mexico on this flight, too?"

"I sure am," Susan answered. "We'll make a good team! And I love Mexico. It's so beautiful."

John and Susan stood at the door of the plane to welcome the passengers aboard. A mother with her baby entered first, followed by several businessmen. The next man to enter the plane was carrying a pair of heavy leather boots. As he walked past, John noticed something strange about the boots. One had an ordinary leather sole, but the other had a large metal plate attached to it. The man noticed John's puzzled expression.

"I can see that you are wondering about the metal-soled boot," he grinned. "My name is Allen Stone. I'm a motorcycle racer, and these are my racing boots. Sometimes when I'm turning a corner at high speed, I have to put my foot down to keep my machine steady. Without that metal, the sole would wear out too quickly."

"But why does only one foot have a metal sole?" John asked.

Allen smiled. "Race tracks only have left turns," he explained, "so the left foot is the only one I ever have to put down."

"That's interesting," said John. "I'd like to come back and talk to you more later."

John showed the motorcycle racer to his seat and returned to welcome the rest of the passengers.

After a few more minutes, the plane was in the air on its way to Mexico. John went to the kitchen to start preparing lunch. He enjoyed this part of the flight. It reminded him of his work at the Airport restaurant. Everything was much more exciting, though, now that he was 30,000 feet in the air and traveling 500 miles an hour.

"Are you going to Mexico for a race?" John asked Allen as he served him his lunch.

"Yes, I am," Allen replied. "The race is the day after tomorrow. Would you like to come?"

"I'd love to," John answered. "I have two free days in Mexico before the return flight. I've always wanted to see a motorcycle race!"

"Great! I'll see you there," Allen grinned.

By the time John and Susan had cleared away the lunch, the plane was preparing to land.

"I wish I could speak Spanish," John thought. "I won't understand a thing away from the airport."

"Susan," John whispered as they were helping the last passengers off of the plane, "do you speak Spanish? I don't know a word of it. What am I going to do when someone talks to me?"

"Don't worry," Susan laughed. "I speak Spanish. You can come with me and I'll show you around. It's fun being in a foreign country, once you get used to it."

In the next two days, John had more fun than he could ever remember. Mexico was full of things to see. He saw open air fruit markets, restaurants which served food so spicy he could hardly eat it, sidewalk souvenir shops, and, best of all, a bull fight. That was a spectacle John would never forget.

And, of course, he didn't miss the motorcycle race. Susan and John took a bus to the large stadium just outside of the town. Before the race began, they could see the mechanics and drivers clustered around their motorcycles in the center of the field, making last-minute checks and adjustments. They were able to spot Allen, the driver who had been a passenger on their plane. Allen's motorcycle was painted bright orange.

Soon it was time for the race to start. The drivers lined up their machines at the starting line, engines roaring, and waited for the starter's flag to drop.

Then, suddenly, they were off! The cycles shot away from the starting line, heading for the first turn. Almost immediately, there was trouble. In the rush to get an early lead, two motorcycles collided. They fell to the ground, and three others were unable to make it around them. Allen was one of the five that went down. No one was hurt, and all five drivers got back on their cycles and started off again. By now, however, the other cycles were far ahead.

"Allen will never catch up now," Susan cried.

"There are still 50 laps to go," John reassured her. "If he rides really well, he could still win."

As the race continued, Allen slowly but steadily made up the distance he had lost. One by one he passed the other drivers, until, with 5 laps to go, he was in third place.

"Do you think he'll make it?" Susan asked.

"He's riding well," John answered, "but I don't see how he can win."

With three laps to go, Allen caught up with the second-place rider in a corner. He was able to pass him in the following straightaway, but it was too late to catch the first-place rider. Allen crossed the finish line ten yards behind him.

"What a race!" shouted John. "It's too bad he didn't win, but he sure gave it a good try."

As Susan and John returned to the city, John thought about his vacation in Mexico.

"Traveling is even more exciting than I thought it would be," he told Susan. "This is some job. I work for a few days and then get vacation time to see the world. I sure am glad you convinced me to become a flight attendant."

Soon, the vacation in Mexico was over. Several hours before the flight was to return to the United States, he and Susan arrived at the airport to prepare for the flight.

"We have to make sure that the right amount of food is on board for all of the passengers," Susan told John.

Susan and John watched as the food was loaded onto the plane. Then they went down the aisle checking to make sure all of the seats were clean and ready for the passengers.

"Everything's all set, John," called Susan. "And here come the first passengers now."

There were several Spanish-speaking people on the return flight. Many were Mexican tourists. There were also many Americans on the flight. Some were returning from business trips to Mexico, while others were coming back from vacations.

One of the Americans was a short, nervous man carrying a heavy coat over one arm. It seemed strange to John that he had a coat with him, since the weather was very warm.

As he came into the plane, John greeted him, "Welcome aboard! May I take your coat? There's a small closet here where I can hang it during the flight."

"No, I'll carry it," answered the man sharply. He hurried back to his seat clutching the coat.

"Strange," thought John. "What did I do to make him angry?"

He didn't have time to give it much thought. Other passengers were arriving, and he had to greet them and help them find their seats.

After everyone had their seat belts fastened, John told the passengers about the safety features of the plane. He explained where the emergency exits were and how the oxygen masks would drop down if they were needed. As John's talk ended, the plane gently rose into the sky.

Once they were in the air, John and Susan began preparing lunch. The passengers were always glad to get their food.

As Susan leaned over to pass a tray of food to the man carrying the overcoat, she was startled by his cry.

"Leave me alone!" he shouted. "I'm not hungry!"

After all of the passengers were served, John unlocked the cockpit door and took lunch in to the pilot and co-pilot. Then he went back to the passenger area and helped Susan clear away dishes. He spoke with several of the friendly passengers and poured coffee for people who wanted a second cup.

Suddenly the pilot's voice came over the loudspeaker. "Please remain calm," the pilot ordered. "There is a man here with us who wants to fly to Chile. That is what we are going to do. He says that there will be no trouble if everyone stays in their seats. Please do not try to come into the cockpit."

There was chaos on the airplane as the passengers reacted to the pilot's news.

"A hijacker!" John thought, sitting frozen in his seat. "But where did he come from?"

Then he remembered the nervous man with the overcoat. Sure enough, his seat was empty.

"I bet he was hiding a gun under his coat," John thought. "_I_ must have left the cockpit door unlocked when I took in the lunch," he realized with panic.

Just then, Susan rushed up to him and cried, "There's a man back there who's very sick. I think he's having a heart attack!"

"I'll see what I can do," John called as he started towards the back of the plane. "You try to calm down the passengers."

John had a difficult time getting to the back of the plane. Several of the passengers had jumped out of their seats in alarm at the pilot's announcement. They were standing in the aisles now, talking excitedly to one another.

"Please, everyone, return to your seats," ordered John. "There is a sick man at the rear of the plane, and I must get to him at once. You are blocking my way."

Finally, the people moved out of the way, and John reached the back of the plane where the man lay stretched out on the floor. By now, the man was no longer breathing.

"Attention, everyone," John shouted above the clamor of the frightened passengers. "If there is a doctor or a nurse aboard this plane, please come here at once."

John knew that there was no time to lose. He began artificial respiration, hoping to start the man breathing again.

"Let me through. Let me through," a woman shouted. "I'm a nurse. Let me through."

The nurse immediately analyzed the situation and took over care of the unconscious man.

"It is a heart attack," she said. "I can probably keep him alive for thirty minutes, an hour at the most. He's got to get to a hospital soon, or he's not going to make it."

A Change in Flight Plan

"Hey, you!" shouted an angry voice from one of the seats.

John turned to find himself face to face with a furious passenger.

"Tell me, mister, how did that hijacker get into the cockpit? I thought that door was supposed to be locked. You left it open, didn't you?" the man accused him. "You didn't lock it the last time you came out of there!"

John opened his mouth to say something, but he didn't know what to say. He thought that admitting his mistake would only make the man angrier.

"Now, just calm down," John told the man, "and return to your seat. We are handling this as best we can."

"Calm down?!" screamed the man. "I might get killed! You're telling me to calm down? You got us into this mess, and you better get us out of it."

John didn't wait around to hear any more. He moved up towards the front of the plane and sat down, stunned. The man was right. If he hadn't left the door unlocked, the hijacker never would have gotten into the cockpit. Maybe the whole thing would never have happened.

"I will lose my job if I live through this," John said to himself.

"How is the sick man?" Susan asked, as she came toward John. "Did you help him?"

"You were right," said John, "it was a heart attack. There's a nurse with him now, but she says we have to get him to a hospital within an hour. Susan, what are we going to do? One of the passengers back there is furious because he knows I left the door to the cockpit unlocked. He's starting to get all of the passengers angry, too."

"You did leave it open?" Susan asked with surprise. "I wondered what happened."

She looked up at John's pitiful expression. "But that's no reason to sit there feeling sorry for yourself," she snapped at him. "We've got work to do. Someone has to convince this hijacker to let us land and get the passengers off, or that man is going to die."

"I can't do it, Susan. I just can't do it!" John insisted. He was still too stunned to move.

"All right, then I'll do it," Susan said as she marched up to the cockpit door and knocked. "You must let me in," she called. "I am not armed, I just want to talk to you. Please. Let me in."

Susan waited for what seemed like forever. She heard the pilot trying to convince the hijacker to let her in. Finally, the hijacker agreed. John saw the door open and Susan enter.

"She's in there risking her life," John thought. "And I'm too scared to even face the passengers. What am I going to do?"

Susan closed the cockpit door behind her. There stood the hijacker, his gun held against the pilot's head.

"Captain Davidson," she cried, "are you all right?"

"Yes, Susan. No one's been hurt. We're all doing fine," the pilot reassured her.

"And he'll stay fine," added the hijacker, "as long as everyone cooperates. We don't want anyone getting hurt around her, do we?" he threatened.

"But that's just it," Susan exclaimed. "One of the passengers has had a heart attack. The nurse says that if we don't get him to the hospital within an hour, he's going to die."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" sneered the hijacker. "You're trying to trick me! This plane is going to Chile."

"No one is trying to trick you, sir," Susan calmly told the hijacker. "You can see for yourself that the man is in bad shape. He's lying in the aisle in the back of the plane."

"But how am I supposed to know he's not just faking it?"

"You aren't going to know for sure," Susan told him. "You're going to have to take my word for it. But if we don't get him to a hospital, you'll be responsible for his death."

"I know this is a trick. You're just trying to trick me," growled the hijacker suspiciously, his eyes darting quickly back and forth between Susan and the Captain. "If I let you land this plane so he can get off, they'll surround it as soon as we touch down and I'll never get to Chile."

"I'll make a deal with you," offered Captain Davidson. "I'll tell the control tower that we are going to land as far from the terminal as possible, and that they must keep everyone inside the terminal while we're on the ground. We won't land until you're satisfied that no one is going to come near the plane. We'll let the passengers off, and then I'll take you to Chile."

The hijacker glared in silence for a few minutes.

"Okay. Go ahead," he said in a cold, threatening voice, "but if I see one person leave that terminal, I'll blow your brains out."

The hijacker watched nervously while Captain Davidson radioed the control tower of the nearest airport. The captain relayed the hijacker's instructions and received permission to land.

John had been watching the door to the cockpit anxiously.

"What's going on in there?" he kept asking himself.

Ten minutes had passed since Susan had entered, and there was no word yet.

"What if she's been hurt?" he thought.

He was starting to get frantic when suddenly the Captain's voice came over the loudspeaker, "Attention all passengers. Fasten your seat belts and prepare for a landing. As soon as we come to a halt on the runway, you will be allowed to leave the plane. After we take off again, someone will come to drive you to the terminal."

"Thank goodness for that!" cried several of the passengers. "We're going to get out of here safely after all."

The passengers cheered at the captain's words, and those in the aisle returned to their seats to fasten their seat belts.

John breathed a sigh of relief. "At least the passengers will be safe," he thought, "and the man with the heart attack will get to the hospital soon. But I wonder what will happen to us?"

As the plane started to come in for a landing, Susan emerged from the cockpit and sat down beside John.

"Are you all right?" he cried. "What's going on in there?"

"Things are okay for now," Susan answered. "But I don't know what's going to happen after the passengers get off. We'll have to stay with the plane, and that man is crazy. It's hard to imagine what he'll do."

As the plane slowly rolled to a stop, Susan opened the door to let the passengers out, and John went to the rear of the plane to help with the heart attack victim. After all of the passengers were safely off of the runway the plane took off again.

"I can't believe I left that door unlocked," John said sadly to Susan. "I guess this mess is my fault. I'm really sorry."

"Well, he's a desperate man, John," Susan answered. "It probably would have happened anyway."

"Did he say why he wanted to go to Chile?" John asked.

"No, and we didn't ask him. I guess we'll find out soon enough," Susan replied, as she stared thoughtfully out of the plane's window at the land far below.

At this, they fell into silence, each wondering what was going to happen to them.

After they had been in the air for several hours, they heard the pilot's voice again.

"John, would you bring in a glass of water? Our passenger is thirsty," the captain said.

John filled a glass with water and carried it into the cockpit.

"Leave that door open!" the hijacker ordered as John started to return to his seat. "I want to be able to see what's going on back there."

Through the open door John and Susan could see the hijacker clearly. He was handing the water to the co-pilot.

"Here, you drink some of this first," he ordered. "He might have poisoned it."

The co-pilot took a drink of the water he had been handed. Finally, convinced that the water was safe, the hijacker took a sip.

"Sir," Captain Davidson addressed the hijacker "we are just crossing the border into Chile. Where exactly did you want us to land?"

"In Santa Video," the hijacker answered. "It's in the mountains in the northern part of the country."

"See if you can locate Santa Video on our maps," Captain Davidson told the co-pilot.

"Here it is," the co-pilot reported. "But it's only an airstrip and it's surrounded by mountains. I don't think a plane of this size can land there safely."

"What do you mean we can't land there?" shouted the hijacker. "This is another one of your tricks!"

"That airstrip was built for use by smaller planes that can descend steeply," the co-pilot explained. "If we fly high enough to clear the mountains, we can't lose altitude quickly enough to land."

But the hijacker refused to reconsider.

"I went along with you once," yelled the hijacker. "But no more. This time, you do it my way. If you don't land within the next thirty minutes, it's all over for all of you."

The hijacker cocked his gun to show that he meant business.

"We'll have to give it a try," Captain Davidson told the co-pilot. "Check the map for the best approach."

"Well, Captain, there's a pass through the mountains 20 miles north of the city," the co-pilot reported. "That's the only approach we have any hope of making safely."

John was worried by the tone of the co-pilot's voice. He knew this would be a difficult landing at best, but as he looked out the window and saw the clouds surrounding the mountains, he wondered if they would be able to make it at all. The plane began its descent into the clouds.

"This could be rough," the captain warned. "Everyone had better get a seat belt on."

The hijacker didn't move.

"You'll need a seat belt, too," the captain told him. "If we run into turbulence, you could easily be thrown across the cabin."

"I'll stay right where I am," the hijacker responded. "I can take care of myself."

"Take her down to 11,000 feet," the co-pilot told Captain Davidson. "That should be just enough to clear the pass."

The plane continued to descend through the clouds. By now, John realized how dangerous the situation had become.

"There must be mountains all around us," he thought, "but the clouds are hiding them completely."

John wondered how much farther they could safely descend. The plane came down out of the clouds. Mountains were close on both sides.

"We're too low. Pull up!" the co-pilot cried. "We won't clear the pass."

Then John heard the pilot's voice. "We can't climb fast enough," he yelled. "We're going to crash!"

"Mayday!! Mayday!" shouted the co-pilot into his radio microphone.

The ground rushed up closer and closer.

"I'll go for that lake," shouted Captain Davidson. "It's our only chance."

The belly of the plane skidded across the lake. Water splashed up against the windows. Then, with a horrifying crunch, the plane slammed into the rocky shore.

John
Story 5
Fifth

Camping in the Mountains

John lurched forward with the impact of the crash. Only his seat belt prevented him from smashing into the front wall of the passenger section.

"Susan! Are you all right?" John cried as he caught his breath.

"I think so," Susan answered. "I wasn't sure that we were going to make it!"

Just then, Susan and John heard voices from the cockpit.

"I've got his gun," the co-pilot shouted. "He's been knocked out. Try to get the door open, Captain, and I'll pull him out of here."

"Quick!" shouted Captain Davidson as he ran from the cockpit. "We've got to get out as fast as we can. One engine is on fire, and the plane could blow up any minute."

He rushed to the door and tried to open it.

"It's jammed," he yelled. "Try the emergency window."

John jumped up from his seat and ran to the window.

"We can't go that way," he cried. "The wing is on fire."

John rushed over to the opposite side of the plane and forced the window open.

"You go out first, John. We'll hand the hijacker out to you," ordered the pilot.

John crawled out through the window and onto the wing. He pulled the limp body of the hijacker out and helped the rest of the crew down to safety.

"Over to those trees!" yelled Captain Davidson. "We'll be safe there."

John and the co-pilot hurriedly dragged the hijacker to the trees.

"Whew! We made it!" Susan gasped.

"And just in time, too," Captain Davidson added. "Look!" he exclaimed as he pointed back to the plane.

The stunned crew watched in silence. By now the fire had spread, and the entire plane was engulfed in flames. For several minutes they watched it burn.

Suddenly, John remembered the hijacker. As he looked down, he realized how badly the man was injured.

"He got a fierce blow on the head, didn't he! What happened?"

"He refused to put on a seat belt," Captain Davidson explained. "When we crashed, he flew head first into the windshield."

John felt for the man's wrist.

"No pulse," he reported. "It looks like the blow to his head killed him."

Captain Davidson shook his head.

"He was crazy, just crazy. Why do people do things like that?" the captain wondered. "I guess we'll never know why he wanted to get to Chile. I'm not even sure _he_ knew why, poor fellow."

As the shock of the crash wore off, the crew realized that they were not yet out of trouble.

"We must be miles from the nearest town," guessed Susan. "Do you think anyone has any idea where we are?"

"They knew we were headed for Chile," answered the co-pilot. "I sent out a Mayday call just before we crashed. Someone around here may have picked up the signal. Of course, we don't know for sure that anyone heard it. We can only hope."

"Anyway," broke in the captain, "I think our best bet is to wait here for a rescue party. We'd surely get lost if we tried to make it through these mountains."

"You're probably right," John agreed. "But if we're going to stay here we'd better find shelter for the night. Why don't we set up camp under that overhanging rock. Maybe by morning the fire in the plane will have died down. We can check to see if there is any food on the plane that hasn't been burned."

"Meanwhile, let's gather some wood," Susan suggested. "We're going to need a campfire close to where we sleep. It feels like it's going to be cold tonight."

The crew made preparations for their night on the mountain. When night came and the others settled down to sleep, John stayed up to tend the fire. As he watched the burning embers of the plane, he wondered about tomorrow and whether rescue would come.

"It could be a long time before anyone finds us," he mused. "I hope we can find enough food to stay alive."

By the next morning, the fire in the plane had died. A quick inspection showed that very little had survived the fire. The most disturbing finding was that all of the food was destroyed.

"I hope we get rescued soon!" John told the other crew members. "Unless we can find fish in the lake, there's not much around here to eat."

"Let's collect some pine branches," Captain Davidson suggested. "If we put them on the fire, they will make enough smoke to be seen for miles around. Any search plane out looking for us will be sure to notice it."

They spent most of the day gathering pine branches. They tried to keep the billowing clouds of smoke heading towards the sky. When they weren't searching for pine branches, they fished in the lake.

"I sure wish someone would find us soon," Captain Davidson remarked as he threw branches onto the fire. "It will be dark before long, and I'm not looking forward to another night on this cold mountain."

"Me neither," agreed Susan, "but it would be a miracle if they found us this quickly."

The crew had given up hope of rescue for the day, when Susan suddenly cried, "Listen! Do you hear something?"

John stopped what he was doing.

"It sounds like a plane!" he shouted. "Do you think someone has found us already?"

Everyone stared anxiously into the sky. In a few minutes, a small plane flew into view. It circled low over the lake, dipping its wings to show it had spotted them. Then, it flew off again.

"They've seen us!" cried Susan. "I can't believe it!"

"Fantastic!" yelled John. "We're going to be rescued!"

"But how is a plane ever going to land here?" asked Susan. "The land is much too rocky."

"They'll have to bring in helicopters," answered Captain Davidson. "But the altitude may be too high for helicopters."

"Well, if it is too high, they could land a pontoon plane on the lake," said the co-pilot. "It may take a while, though, if they try that. There probably aren't any pontoon planes within a hundred miles of here."

"Anyway, it's getting so dark now," John broke in, "that there is no hope of rescue yet today. I'm afraid we'll be staying here one more night, no matter what."

Somehow, the thought of another night on the mountain didn't seem so bad, now that they knew that help was on its way.

Everyone was up with the sun the next morning, anxiously awaiting some sign of help. Several hours passed. Then, finally, two pontoon planes flew over the ridge.

"There they are!" shouted Susan excitedly.

The planes circled once, then swooped down and gracefully settled onto the lake. They taxied over to the shore.

"How did you find us?" asked John.

"We're so happy to see you!" exclaimed Susan.

"Where are you from?" asked Ben.

"Wait a minute," laughed one of the rescuers. "One at a time! Please! I understand English, but four people at a time?" Never! Slow down, please."

"How did you ever find us so quickly?" John asked. "We were afraid it might take days for you to locate us in these mountains."

"You were very lucky," the rescuer replied. "Your airline alerted us that you were flying to Chile. We all were listening on our radios for some word from your plane. Then, two people from Santa Video heard your Mayday call, so we knew you were somewhere near here. It was just a question of searching the area for a more exact location. You made some very good smoke signals," the man continued. "The rescuers could see them from many miles away, so it didn't take long to find you."

"Well thank goodness for that!" exclaimed Captain Davidson. "I've never been so glad to leave a place."

"By the way," asked the rescuer, "where is your hijacker?"

"He got a terrific blow on the head during the crash," explained the Captain. "By the time we had dragged him out of the plane, he was dead. We never found out who he was or why he wanted to go to Chile."

"We'll have the second plane bring the body back to Santa Video. We can turn the body over to the proper authorities there. Meanwhile, why don't you all climb in, and we'll take you to a hot meal and some warm clothes as soon as we can."

The crew was only too glad to follow these instructions. The plane flew them back to Santa Video, where they spent a warm and comfortable night.

"What an incredible trip, Susan," John commented as they were returning home. "When I first got a job as an airplane attendant I never dreamed anything like this would happen."

"You may find ordinary flights kind of boring after this," Susan told him. "You'll probably be hoping for a hijacker on every flight," she teased.

"Not on your life!" exclaimed John.

They both laughed with relief that the adventure was over.

WHEN I GROW UP ...

A group of nonsexist stories about occupations
for children in first through third grades

by

Candace Garrett Schau

and

Lynne Kahn

and

their friends*

*Janet Alexander, Gay Emlen, Rhonda Golden, Nancy Richardson, and others

For additional copies of these stories, contact

Dr. Candace Garrett Schau
Educational Foundations Department
College of Education
University of New Mexico
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87131

copyright 1978 by Candace Schau

Contents

Story 1. When I Grow Up, I Want To Be A Firefighter

Chapter 1. Engine #22
Chapter 2. The Rescue
Chapter 3. The Team of Volunteers
Chapter 4. The Grandville Volunteers
Chapter 5. Getting a Full-Time Job

Story 2. When I Grow Up, I Want To Be A Nurse

Chapter 1. Bill Makes a Decision
Chapter 2. Two Good Jobs for Bill
Chapter 3. The Pediatrics Floor
Chapter 4. Life and Death
Chapter 5. A Final Decision

Story 3. When I Grow Up, I Want To Be A Ship Captain

Chapter 1. The Virginia Bay Marina
Chapter 2. An Exciting Summer
Chapter 3. Captain Angela Golden
Chapter 4. Hawaii At Last!
Chapter 5. Heading Towards Home

Story 4. When I Grow Up, I Want To Be An Airplane Attendant

Chapter 1. The Airport Restaurant
Chapter 2. John's New Job
Chapter 3. South of the Border
Chapter 4. A Change in Flight Plan
Chapter 5. Camping in the Mountains

Esther
Story 1
1st/3rd

Engine #22

They knew something was going to happen. The wind blew stronger and the sky got darker. Big dark clouds moved toward the town. Then they heard it--the sound of thunder. Bright flashes of lightening began. And then the rain came down.

Esther and Dennis picked up their bat and ball. They ran across the park. Luckily their house was near. It was warm inside their house. They took off their wet shoes and socks. Esther smelled a warm, good smell coming from the kitchen.

"Today is my seventh birthday," she thought. "I wonder what surprise my family has for me?"

The Lewis family did not go to the store to buy birthday presents. They worked together at home to make special presents.

Esther did not know what they had made her this year, but her brother Dennis had given her hints.

"It's painted red," he had told her.

"It's three feet long and one foot high," he had said.

"It has four wheels," he had teased her at breakfast.

Esther wondered what it could be. Maybe a dumptruck? She didn't know. She would have to wait and see.

Esther put on dry clothes and came downstairs. Just then, her mother and Grandmother came home from work. They were both writers. They talked to people and visited lots of places. Then they wrote books and stories about what they saw. Esther greeted and hugged each of them. They went into the kitchen together.

"What a mess!" cried Esther's grandmother.

There were pans everywhere. Pans were on the sink. Pans were on the table. Pans were on the stove. The kitchen was a mess, but it smelled wonderful.

Tonight, for Esther's birthday, Mr. Lewis had cooked a special meal. He made a mess when it was his turn to cook, but the food always tasted good. Ms. Lewis had baked Esther's birthday cake before she went to work.

"Time for dinner," said Mr. Lewis.

The family went to the dining room and sat down. Esther ate dinner in a hurry. She couldn't wait to open her birthday present.

Finally Ms. Lewis brought in the cake.

"Happy Birthday! Make a wish!" she told Esther.

But Esther could only think about her present. She wanted to know what it was.

Finally it was time. Esther's mother left the table. She came back with a big box. Esther sat very still. She looked at the box.

"Well, aren't you going to open it?" asked Dennis.

"Of course I am," Esther told him.

She jumped up and ripped the paper off of the box. She opened the box and looked inside.

"It's beautiful!" she cried.

Inside the box was a fire engine. Esther's family had made it from wood and painted it red.

"Look what it can do," said Dennis. "The ladders move, and it has a real hose. And the steering wheel really makes the wheels turn."

Esther loved her birthday present. On the side of the truck was the name "Engine #22".

"And it even has my own name written on the front," Esther said.

Mr. Lewis made a fire in the fireplace. Esther and Dennis played with the fire engine.

"Watch this," cried Dennis. "The bell really rings!"

"What's this for?" asked Esther.

She pushed a button on the steering wheel and heard a siren whine. "It has a siren too!" she laughed.

Just then Esther heard the sound of another fire siren. It was coming from a real fire truck outside.

"The fire truck is at our house!" cried Father.

She went to the door and opened it. The firefighters were outside. They were dressed in black boots and black coats. They had a ladder and a hose. Two firefighters were climbing up to the top of the Lewis' house.

Esther saw that the fire enging had "Engine #22" painted on its side.

"It's just like my birthday present," she thought.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Lewis asked a firefighter.

"You have a fire in your chimney!" shouted the firefighters. "We must put it out."

The firefighters worked hard to put out the fire. Two firefighters took the hose up the ladder to the chimney. Two other firefighters came inside the house. Together they put out the fire.

One firefighter told Mr. Lewis, "The fire started because the chimney was dirty. If you clean your chimney, you can prevent future fires."

"Thank you," said Mr. Lewis. "We will clean the chimney today!"

"Also," said the firefighter, "you should clean your garage. It is dirty, too, and a fire might start there."

"We will clean our garage, too," said Esther. "Thank you for coming to help us."

The firefighters looked at the chimney.

They said, "The fire is out now. We must go back to the fire station."

"May I come to the firestation to visit you sometime?" asked Esther. "I want to learn more about firefighters."

"Of course," said a firefighter named Mr. Smith. "Come after school some day."

"Can I?" Esther asked her mother and father.

"Yes," said Ms. Lewis. "We will go visit the fire station soon."

The firefighters went back to their fire engine. Esther waved goodbye.

The firefighters called, "We will see you soon, Esther."

They drove away.

Esther thanked her mother and father and Dennis for her wonderful present.

"What a day!" thought Esther. "I will never forget this birthday."

Esther
Story 2
1st/3rd

The Rescue

"Mom? Dad? Anybody home?" Esther called.

"We're in the kitchen, Esther," Mrs. Lewis answered. "Are you ready to go?"

Esther was ready. She couldn't wait.

"Today is the big day," she thought as they got into the car. "Today I get to visit Mr. Smith at the fire station."

Esther's family drove to the station.

"Hello! "I'm glad you could come," said Mr. Smith. "Come along with me. I'll show you the things that firefighters do."

Esther looked at all the things in the fire station.

"Do you live here all the time?" she asked.

"No," said Mr. Smith, "just for 24 hours at a time. Then I go home for two days before I have to come back again."

"What do you do here for 24 hours?" asked Esther.

"We wait for the fire alarm," said Mr. Smith. "When it rings, we must be ready to rush to the fire."

"What do you do while you are waiting?" asked Esther.

"Well," said Mr. Smith," we work some of the time. We clean the fire engines, and things like that. We can sleep, read, or watch TV the rest of the time."

"What do you do if the alarm rings while you are sleeping?" asked Esther.

"We jump out of bed very fast," answered Mr. Smith. "We hop into our boots and pants. Then we slide down the pole to the garage. We can be on the truck very soon after the alarm rings."

"Wow!" said Esther. "May I see where you sleep? May I see the pole you slide down?"

Esther was interested in learning all about the firefighters.

"Come with me," said Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith showed Esther the beds and the pole. He showed her the kitchen where they ate. She saw some firefighters cleaning the trucks. Other firefighters were cleaning the tools they use to help put out fires.

"You take good care of things here," said Esther. "You keep everything very clean."

"We have to," said Mr. Smith. "The truck and tools must be ready to go when the fire alarm rings."

Just then, Esther saw something on the wall.

"Mr. Smith," she called. "Is that a fire extingusher? We have one like it at school. Why do you need a fire extinguisher? I thought you used water from the hoses to put out fires."

"We use water sometimes," said Mr. Smith, "but water doesn't put out all fires. We need fire extinguishers for gasoline fires and electrical fires. Water won't put those out."

Just then a woman called out, "Keith Smith, I've been looking for you."

"I've been looking for you, too," Mr. Smith answered. "I want you to meet a friend of mine. Esther, this is Margaret Evans. She is a firefighter here, too."

"You are a firefighter?" asked Esther.

"Yes," said Margaret Evans. "Sometime I would like to tell you about the things I do. I have to go do my work now, but come back again, and we will talk."

"Thanks," said Esther. "I will come see you."

Esther's family drove home. Esther thought about her day. She wanted to visit the fire station again soon.

"I want to be friends with Mr. Smith and Ms. Evans," Esther thought. "I want to learn more about firefighting."

"Some day," Esther said to her parents, "I will be a firefighter too."

Esther made many trips to the fire station over the next few years. Mr. Smith and Ms. Evans told her about fighting fires. She also learned how to help people who were hurt. She learned how to save people who were in the water and could not swim. Ms. Evans told Esther that firefighters must be strong. Esther worked to make her body healthy and strong.

One day, Esther and her friends were at the beach. They heard a shout.

"Help. . ." came the call.

Esther ran to the lake. She saw a man in the water. He was moving his arms and his legs wildly. He was very frightened.

Esther cried to her friends, "Quick, call the fire department!"

Then Esther jumped into the water. Quickly, she swam to the man.

"I will help you." she called. "You will be all right. Just do as I tell you."

Esther showed the man how to float in the water. Then she helped him float from the middle of the lake to the beach. Finally he was safe.

Just then, Esther heard the sound of the fire truck. She climbed out of the water. She saw her friend Margaret Evans.

"Esther," said Ms. Evans, "I heard about what happened. You saved this man's life! We are very proud of you!"

Esther smiled. She was glad that she knew how to help the man. The firefighters walked back to their truck. Margaret Evans smiled at Esther.

"Keep it up, Esther," she called. "You will be a good firefighter someday."

Esther
Story 3
1st/3rd

The Team of Volunteers

When Esther was in high school, her family moved to the country. She was sorry to leave her friends Mr. Smith and Ms. Evans. She missed her trips to the fire station.

"I wonder if I will make new friends in the country," she thought. "I wonder if I will meet any firefighters."

Very soon, Esther did meet a firefighter. His name was Mr. Holmes. Mr. Holmes came to visit Esther's father.

"Mr. Lewis," said Mr. Holmes, "we need some people to become volunteer firefighters. We want you and Dennis to join us. Will you volunteer?"

"Well," said Mr. Lewis. "What will we have to do?"

"We meet once a month," Mr. Holmes told him. "We practice putting out fires. Then, whenever there is a fire, we all go to help put it out."

Esther heard Mr. Holmes talking. She got very excited.

"Volunteer firefighters!" she cried. "Can I join, too?"

"You?" Mr. Holmes asked. "You want to be a firefighter?" He was very surprised.

"Why, sure," said Esther. "I know how to put out fires."

"She is a good firefighter," Mr. Lewis said.

"But she is so young," argued Mr. Holmes. "What if she gets hurt?"

"You don't understand," insisted Esther. "Just let me try. I can do it."

"She can do anything I can do," said Dennis. "She is very strong."

"Well," said Mr. Holmes, "come to practice with us Saturday, Esther. We'll see what you can do."

"Oh, Thank you!" Esther cried.

On Saturday, Esther and Dennis and Mr. Lewis went to practice putting out fires. Mr. Holmes told them how to put out grass fires. Then he lit a match and started a small grass fire.

"Let's see if you can put it out," Mr. Holmes said.

The volunteer firefighters ran to the fire truck. They got the hoses. They ran to the fire and sprayed it with water. They quickly put it out!

"Good job," called Mr. Holmes. "You put that fire out very quickly."

Esther was glad they had done a good job. But she was tired of practicing.

"I want to go to a real fire," she thought, as she and Dennis and Mr. Lewis went home.

Several days later, the telephone rang.

"It's a real fire," cried Mr. Lewis to Esther and Dennis. "The Brown's trailer is on fire. Quick! Get your coats. Let's go!"

They got to the fire quickly. The firetruck was already there. Other firefighters were getting out the hoses.

"What can I do?" asked Esther.

Nobody heard her.

She went over to the trailer and shouted again, "What can I do?"

Just then, a woman saw Esther. "My baby, my baby," she sobbed to Esther. "Help my baby!"

"I'm a firefighter," said Esther. "What's wrong?"

"My baby is inside the trailer," the woman cried. "You have to get her out!"

Esther ran to the fire chief.

"There's a baby inside the trailer," she shouted. "Help me break the window. Then I will climb in and get the child."

Two firefighters broke the window. They helped Esther climb in. The room was very hot and smokey. Esther could not see very well. Finally she found the baby. Quickly, she carried the baby to the window. Her eyes hurt from the smoke. She gave the baby to another firefighter. Then she climbed out the window.

Esther felt sick. The smoke made her feel dizzy, and her eyes hurt. She left the other firefighters and sat down by a tree. She watched the other volunteers put out the fire.

"I'm not a very good firefighter after all," she thought sadly. "My very first fire--and the smoke made me too sick to help."

"Esther, come here!" called the fire chief.

"Oh, no," thought Esther. "He is mad at me because I left the fire."

She went to see the chief. He was smiling at her.

"Esther," he said, "you did a very good job today. You saved that baby's life. I want to thank you."

"But I just climbed through the window," said Esther.

"That is a small window," said the chief. "You are the only firefighter who could fit through it. The other firefighters couldn't have gotten the baby out."

Esther felt much better now.

"You mean I did all right today? " she asked.

"You did a very good job," smiled the chief. "We are glad to have your help. You are a good firefighter."

Esther was very happy. She found Mr. Lewis and Dennis, and they started home.

"Well, Esther," said Mr. Lewis, "now you have been to a real fire. Do you still want to be a firefighter?"

Esther thought a minute.

"It is very hard work," she said. "But yes, I want to be a firefighter--a real firefighter--more than ever."

Esther
Story 4
1st/3rd

The Grandville Volunteers

Summer was turning into fall. Soon Esther would be leaving for Grandville. She was going to live there with her Aunt Mary and work in Aunt Mary's cafe.

Esther was sorry to leave her job as a volunteer firefighter. She wanted to be a real firefighter someday, but she had to wait until she was twenty-one years old. For now, Esther would be a waitress.

"I wonder if there are volunteer firefighters in Grandville," Esther thought. "Maybe I can work with them when I'm not working at the cafe."

Esther woke up early one morning in September. She was excited.

"Today is the day I move," she thought.

"Esther, time for breakfast. There is a letter down here for you," her mother called.

"I'll be right there," Esther answered.

"Where is my letter?" she asked as she entered the kitchen.

Ms. Lewis gave Esther the letter. Esther opened her letter and read it.

"Well?" said Ms. Lewis. "What does it say?"

"Yes!" Esther cried. "The answer is yes! The firefighters in Grandville want my help. They want me to help them start a volunteer fire department there."

"That's wonderful," said Ms. Lewis. "But don't spend all your time with the firefighters. You must do your job, too, you know."

Esther liked living in Grandville. Aunt Mary only needed Esther's help in the evenings. She spent almost every day with the volunteer firefighters.

Esther had two friends named Joanne and Marie. The three friends were waitresses together. Esther taught them how to be firefighters, too. One day, Joanne, Marie and Esther were coming out of the cafe. They heard the firm alarm ringing.

"Joanne! Marie!" Esther called. "Find out where the fire is!

Quickly, they called in on their two-way radio.

"The fire is at State Road 6 and Interstate 43!" shouted Joanne. "A gasoline truck is on fire."

The three women ran to Marie's car. They drove very fast to the fire. They got to the fire at the same time that the ambulance and fire trucks did. Esther got out of the car. She looked at the gasoline truck on fire.

"Oh, NO!" she cried.

The gasoline truck had crashed into some cars.

"The cars will catch on fire soon," Esther shouted. "We must get the people out of the cars."

Esther, Joanne, and Marie helped the people out of the cars. Some of them were badly hurt. They helped carry the people to the ambulance.

The other firefighters were working to put out the burning gasoline truck. Quickly, they sprayed foam on the truck. They worked fast. They didn't want the cars to catch on fire, too. Finally, the fire was out.

The firefighters were tired, but they were happy. They had done a good job and it was time to go home.

Esther, Joanne, and Marie got into their car with relief.

The three friends were resting before they had to go back to the cafe. Suddenly, they heard the fire alarm ringing again.

"Another fire!" cried Esther. "We must find out where it is."

She went to the radio.

"This fire is at 383 Pine Street," she called.

"Oh, no," said Marie. "Another fire. I am so tired."

"We must go," said Joanne. "They need our help."

They ran to the car and quickly drove to the fire.

"The firetrucks aren't here yet," said Esther.

"No, we are here first," said Marie. "But I don't see any fire or any smoke. Maybe it's a false alarm."

Esther knocked at the door.

"I am so glad to see you." the woman said when she opened the door. "I'm very scared."

"What's wrong?" asked Esther.

"It's my little boy," answered the woman. "He locked himself in the bathroom. He can't get out and I can't get in. Please help!"

"We'll get him out," said Esther. "Show me where your bathroom is."

The woman took the firefighters to the bathroom.

Esther called to the boy, "Just wait right there. We'll get you out."

She waited for the boy to answer. But he did not say anything.

"Oh, I'm so afraid," said the boy's mother with tears in her eyes. "He may have drowned in the bathtub."

"Is there a window in the bathroom?" asked Esther.

"Yes," answered the woman. "It is at the back of the house."

Esther ran outside. She found the bathroom window. She pushed on it.

"Lucky!" she said, as the window opened.

Esther climbed in through the window. Inside the bathroom, she found the boy. He was lying quietly on the rug. He had fallen asleep.

Esther unlocked the bathroom door. The boy's mother came in.

"Oh," she cried. "My boy is all right. Thank you so much!"

Esther and her friends left the house. They went back to their car.

"Wow!" said Marie. "What a day. I'm tired."

"Me, too," said Esther. "We have had a busy day. Let's go home and rest. In a few years we will become full time fire-fighters."

"That will be great!" they all agreed.

Esther
Story 5
1st/3rd

Getting a Full-time Job

Esther and Marie and Joanne were finally twenty-one. They were ready to get jobs as full-time firefighters. But first, they had to take a test. It was a very long and hard test.

"How did you do?" Joanne asked Esther when they had finished the test.

"Okay, I guess," Esther answered. "How about you?"

"I don't know," said Joanne. "We'll just have to wait and see."

Four weeks later they got the results. They had all passed! They were excited. Soon they would be able to go to the training school to learn about becoming firefighters.

The three women waited to hear from the training school. They wanted to know when they could begin. Although they waited many days, they did not get the letters. Finally, they went to see the man in charge of training firefighters. They asked him what was taking so long.

"We got good scores on the test," Esther said. "When can we start in the training school?"

"We only train people who we think will be good firefighters," he said. "We don't think that you three can do the job. I'm sorry. You cannot go to the training school."

"But we can do the job!" Esther cried. "Just let us try."

"No," said the man. "The decision has been made."

Esther, Joanne, and Marie were angry. They knew that the man thought women could not be good firefighters.

"He wouldn't even give us a chance to try," said Esther. "What can we do?"

Suddenly, she remembered a special office that she could go to with this kind of problem. It is called the Human Rights Commission.

"Come on," she called to Marie and Joanne. "Let's go talk to Mr. Collins. He will help us get our jobs."

They went to Mr. Collin's office. They told him what had happened.

"Yes," said Mr. Collins, "women can make good firefighters, too. I will make sure you get your chance."

He talked to the people at the training school.

"You must let these three women into your school," he told them. "They deserve a chance to learn how to be firefighters."

So Esther, Marie, and Joanne went to the training school. It was very hard work learning how to be firefighters. They did lots of exercises to make their bodies strong. They learned how to clean and fix all of the firefighting equipment. They studied how each piece of equipment worked.

"We've worked very hard!" said Esther. "Chopping down burning walls made my back ache."

"Yes," said Joanne, "and climbing over fences made my body hurt, too."

"We have done a lot," said Marie. "All this work makes me tired. I don't think I can go on any longer."

"But the training is almost over now," Esther said. "Soon we will get jobs as real firefighters."

"I'm sorry," Marie said sadly. "I have to quit the training school."

Esther and Joanne were unhappy that Marie could not stay with them. The training was soon over, though. Esther and Joanne got jobs, each at a different fire station.

"Good bye!" they called to each other. "We've made it! We're going to be real firefighters."

Esther's first day at her new job finally came.

"Hello, I'm Esther Lewis," she said to the other firefighters.

"What! Are we getting a new cook?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, no," thought Esther. "They are going to make fun of me."

"No," she told them. "I'm a new firefighter here."

"We heard about you," one of the men said. "You can sleep in the closet."

All of the firefighters laughed.

"Hi, Esther," the fire chief said as he came into the room. "Let me show you around."

"Thanks," said Esther. "I'd like that."

The chief showed her where everything was kept and then asked her to clean some tools.

"It's very heavy equipment," he said. "I'll help you get it down from the shelf."

"I'll be glad to clean it," Esther said, "but I don't need any help. I learned how to carry heavy equipment in training school."

Just then the fire alarm sounded. Everyone started running.

"It's a six alarm fire!" the chief shouted. "That means we need everyone."

The firefighters all jumped on the fire truck. The truck sped down the street.

Only a few minutes later the firefighters arrived at the fire. There were red lights flashing and sirens screaming everywhere.

"The hotel is on fire!" shouted the chief.

Smoke was pouring out of the windows of the seven story hotel. People near the ground were trying to jump to safety. People at the top were screaming for help.

The firefighters in Esther's truck were told to go to the top three floors of the hotel. They rushed up the fire escape to the fourth floor. They pulled on the hose until it was inside the building. As they moved up the hallway, they sprayed the burning walls with water.

"Look," Esther cried as she turned to look back at the hallway. "The fire is coming up behind us! We can't go back that way. We'll have to get out another way."

The firefighters rushed to the end of the hall. There was a door and a window.

"Thank goodness!" thought Esther. "Here is a fire escape door. We can get out."

Just then, the firefighters saw the bodies of six people lying by the door.

"Why couldn't the people get out?" asked one of the firefighters.

Esther pushed against the door. It wouldn't move.

"It's bolted from the outside," she shouted. "It's made of metal. We can't break it down."

The firefighters were trapped! Suddenly, Esther had an idea. She went to the small window near the door. She broke the glass and started to climb through the window.

"I'll walk along the ledge of the building and open the door from the outside," she planned.

She climbed through the window.

"I can't look down," she told herself. "I must get to the door."

She threw away her gloves so she could hold on with her fingers.

She slowly climbed on the narrow ledge over to the door. The metal bolt on the door was too hot to touch!

"How will I get it open?" Esther cried. "I shouldn't have taken my gloves off."

She knew the bolt would burn her, but she had to open it. Holding her breath, she gave the bolt a push. The door opened. She had done it!

"Let's get these people down the fire escape," she ordered. "Hurry! Maybe we can save some of them."

Esther carried a woman down the stairs. Her fingers hurt badly from the burn, but she knew that she had done a good job.

"I am a firefighter," she thought to herself. "I really am a firefighter."

Bill Makes a Decision

"Have a good day!" Bill's mother called to him as he left.

"Thanks," Bill said. "Oh, Mom. I'll be a little late this afternoon. I have basketball practice after school. I have to stay late and work on my jump shot. I'll see you at about 5:30."

With that, Bill hopped on his bike and raced off to high school. Bill enjoyed school. Most of all, he like studying biology. Today his class was going to cut open a frog and look at its heart. Bill had an interesting day. It flew by.

Before Bill knew it, it was time for basketball practice. Bill headed for the gym. He and the rest of the team practiced their shots for several hours.

"You boys are looking good," Coach Hall shouted. "Keep up the good work. Soon we'll be ready for our next game."

"Bill," the coach said, "practice your jump shot a little more. Then you'll have it down perfect."

Bill was tired when practice was over.

"It's 6 o'clock. I'm late for dinner," he thought. "I'd better hurry."

He ran out to his bike and jumped on it.

"I guess I should turn my headlight on," he thought. "It's getting dark."

Bill rode down the hill toward Third Street. Suddenly, a car turned the corner. It could not stop in time! It hit Bill. He was thrown off his bicycle and up into the air. He fell down hard onto the sidewalk.

"Quick! Someone call an ambulance!" shouted a man. "There has been a terrible accident! Someone has been hit by a car!"

"Is he unconscious?" asked a young boy.

"Yes, he is. But he is still breathing. He hit his head very hard. I think he broke his leg, too," someone else said.

By now, the crowd of people could hear a loud siren.

"Move aside," two men ordered as they tried to get Bill to the ambulance. "Let us get through."

They put Bill on a stretcher. Then they carried him to the ambulance.

In another minute the ambulance was racing to the hospital.

"Does anyone know the boy?" a woman asked.

"It was Bill Anderson. He's a basketball player," answered a policeman. "I'm afraid he won't be playing any more basketball this year."

The policeman was right. Bill was hurt very badly. He had a broken wrist and a broken hip. The blow on his head was a bad one. He was lucky to be alive!

"Good morning, Bill," said Dr. James as he came into Bill's hospital room. "How are you feeling today?"

"Much better, thanks," answered Bill. "The pain isn't as bad today. How much longer will I have to stay here?"

"It takes a long time for bones to heal, Bill," Dr. James explained. "I'm afraid it will be at least a month until you can go home."

"A month!" cried Bill. "I can't stay here that long. I'll go crazy! Besides, I'll miss too much school work."

"I know it seems like a long time," Dr. James said. "But the time will go fast. The nurses will help you with the school work that you miss."

After Dr. James left, Bill though about what he had said.

"I'm going to miss the rest of the basketball season. With my broken wrist, I may never play basketball again."

Late that afternoon, Bill had a visitor. It was a man dressed in white.

"Hi, Bill. How are you doing?" the man asked.

"Okay," said Bill. "Who are you?"

"I'm Mike Thomas. I am a nurse downstairs in the emergency room. I helped take care of you when you were brought here in the ambulance."

"I didn't expect to see a male nurse here. I thought all nurses were women," said Bill.

"Some people still think that," answered Mike. "I became a nurse because I like science, especially biology, and I like helping people. A hospital emergency room is a very interesting place to work."

"I'm sure you are right," Bill said. "Can I come visit you in the emergency room sometime? I'd like to see what goes on there."

"Sure," promised Mike. "As soon as you can move around, I'll show you what I do."

After two weeks, Bill was able to watch Mike work in the emergency room.

"You have an exciting job!" Bill exclaimed after one of the visits.

"It is exciting, Bill," Mike told him, "but it's very serious work. When someone is badly hurt, they depend on the doctor and nurse to help them. That is a very scary feeling. Being a nurse isn't always easy and fun."

"I can see that," said Bill.

"I'm almost sorry to leave the hospital," Bill told Mike when he was well enough to go home. "I've learned a lot here, especially about the nursing profession. I have been thinking about becoming a nurse,"

"I think you would make a good nurse," smiled Mike. "If you study hard, you will be able to get into nursing school."

Six months later, Mike received a phone call.

"This is Bill Anderson," the voice said. "I've just been accepted into the school of nursing. I'm going to be a nurse!"

Two Good Jobs for Bill

School was fun for Bill. He had to study hard, but it was interesting work. He learned all about the body. He learned how to treat injuries and different kinds of diseases.

One day when Bill was jogging, the coach of the college's basketball team stopped to talk to him.

"Bill," said Coach Gray, "we need a new trainer for our basketball team. I think you would do a good job. You like basketball, and you know how to treat basketball injuries. Will you be our new trainer?"

The idea sounded good to Bill. He would have fun going to the practices and games. He liked the idea of helping the injured players.

The basketball team was a good one this year. The season went beautifully. In February, Bill's team played in the championships.

"Okay, boys, this is it," cried Coach Gray before the game. "If you win this one, we will be the champions. I know you can do it. Go out there and play as hard as you can! Let's win!"

As the team ran out to the court, Bill stopped Coach Gray.

"I can't believe you're so calm," Bill told him. "Are you all right?"

"Actually, Bill, I don't feel very well. I have a pain right here," the coach said as he pointed just above his waist. "I guess I have indigestion."

The game was so exciting that Bill soon forgot about Coach Gray's problem. It was a close game all the way through the first half. Neither team was ahead for very long. At half time the score was tied 49 to 49.

"What a game!" Bill shouted excitedly to the team as they ran to the dressing room.

Just then, one of the players caught Bill's attention.

"Bill, hurry!" he cried. "We need your help! Coach Gray has just fainted."

Bill ran to the dressing room. The coach was lying on the floor. Suddenly, Bill remembered the pain that the coach had had before the game.

"He didn't faint!" Bill said. "He had a heart attack! Call an ambulance!" Bill told one of the team members. "And Jim, page Dr. Berry. I know she's at the game. She is a heart specialist. She'll know just what to do to help the coach."

"Meanwhile, we must keep him warm," Bill thought as he looked around the room. "Someone hand me that blanket," he called.

Bill put the blanket on Coach Gray. He looked up as Dr. Berry rushed into the room.

"You are right, Bill," she said. "It is a heart attack. We must get him to the hospital quickly."

"As for the team," she said as she turned toward the players, "you go out and play like you have never played before. The coach wants you to win this game."

The ambulancc took Coach Gray to the hospital. The team returned to the game with excitement.

"We'll win it for the coach!" they cried as the second half began.

The second half was as close as the first. With five minutes to go, Bill's team began to pull ahead. By the end of the game, it was State 108 to Northeastern 99. They had won!

"I'll be back in a few minutes," Bill told the team as they went back to the dressing room. "I'm going to call Dr. Berry at the hospital. I want to find out how Coach Gray is doing."

"Hello, Bill," Dr. Berry said when she got to the phone. "I was hoping you would call. Coach Gray seems to be doing fine now. We got him to the hospital just in time. It was a good thing that you knew what to do when you found him. I think you'll make a fine nurse. If you ever need my help, let me know."

"Thank you, Dr. Berry," said Bill. "I'll be looking for a job soon. I may ask for your help then. Now, I'd better go tell the team that the coach is all right."

The coach felt much better in only a few weeks.

"I don't know if I can stay on this diet," the coach joked with Bill when he was leaving the hospital.

"Take care of yourself!" Bill teased in return. "I don't want to have to be your nurse again soon!"

Bill was finally ready to find a job in a hospital. He was happy to finish nursing school. He went to General Hospital to talk to Ms. Cassidy about working there.

"Bill," Ms. Cassidy said, "why do you want to be a nurse?"

Bill told her about his bicycle accident and about Mike Thomas. Bill told her how he became interested in nursing while he was in the hospital. Then he told her about his job as trainer with the basketball team.

"I like working with people," Bill said. "I like helping people who are sick or hurt. That is why I want to be a nurse."

"I'll call you in about a week, Bill," Ms. Cassidy said. "I will let you know then if you can be a nurse at General Hospital."

Bill
Story 3
1st/3rd

The Pediatrics Floor

On Wednesday, Bill's waiting was over. He got a letter from Ms. Cassidy.

"Dear Bill," the letter said. "We are pleased to offer you a nursing job."

"I got the job!" cried Bill. "And it's at General Hospital!"

Bill drove to the hospital on his first day of work. He felt excited, but he was scared, too.

"What if I can't do a good job?" he wondered.

"Hello, Ms. Maples," Bill said to the head nurse when he arrived on the pediatrics floor. "I'm Bill Anderson."

"Hello, Bill," she answered. "We are glad to have you working with us. Come with me. I'll show you around."

Ms. Maples showed Bill where to find the things that he would need.

"Now we must get to work," she told him. "Why don't you start by visiting Joey. He was very badly burned, and now he is in isolation. It is time to change his bandages."

Bill went to see Joey.

"Hi, Joey," he said. "My name is Bill. Don't be afraid. I just came to see how you are doing. I'm going to change your bandages."

Bill took the bandages off of Joey's legs.

"How old are you, Joey?" he asked.

"I'll be nine next week," Joey answered quietly.

"You must be in fourth grade, then. What do you like best about school?" Bill asked.

"I like to read about dinosaurs," said Joey. "But the doctor says I can't have my books in here. I don't have anything to do."

"You will be out of isolation soon," Bill told him. "Then we will read your dinosaur books together."

"That would be great!" cried Joey.

He looked happy for the first time since Bill had come into his room.

"Meanwhile," said Bill, "I'll come visit you often. Push that red button if you ever need me."

"Okay," answered Joey.

"I'll see you later," called Bill as he left the room.

Bill's first visit had gone well. He felt good about his new job. Just then, Ms. Maples came down the hall.

"Bill," she said, "we have a new patient. Her name is Gail. She has a very bad case of the flu. Her temperature is 104°. I want you to take her temperature every half hour. If it goes any higher than 104°, call a doctor at once."

"Yes, Ms. Maples," Bill said.

Bill went to Gail's room. She was sleeping quietly.

"I won't bother her now," thought Bill. "I'll come back and take her temperature after I visit Sally."

Sally had just come up from the emergency room. There was a bad cut on her arm, and her head had a large bump on it.

"Hi, Sally," said Bill. "What happened to you?"

"I was running," Sally told him. "I fell through a glass door. I cut my arm."

"You sure did," said Bill. "Your head looks like it hurts, too. You will have to stay here for a few days. The doctor wants to make sure you are all right before he sends you home."

Bill talked with Sally for a while. He was glad to be able to cheer her up.

"Well, Sally," Bill said finally, "I have to go now. Call me if you need me."

"Sure," answered Sally. "See you later."

Suddenly, Bill remembered Gail.

"Oh no," he thought. "I've spent 20 minutes with Sally. I am late to take Gail's temperature."

He rushed back to Gail's room. She was moaning softly.

"I'm so hot!" she cried when she saw Bill.

Bill was worried. He took Gail's temperature. It was up to 106°. Bill ran to the door. He turned on the emergency switch. Very quickly, a doctor came into the room.

"She is very sick," the doctor said. "Help me get her to intensive care right away."

Bill felt terrible.

"I should have checked her sooner," he told himself. "She might not be so sick now if I had called a doctor sooner."

Bill went to Ms. Maples office. He told her what had happened.

"Gail might die," Bill said. "It would be my fault."

"You did make a mistake, Bill," Ms. Maples told him. "But you realized it. You did the right thing. You called the doctor very quickly. Now you must try to go on. Do your work as best you can. I will tell you how Gail is doing as soon as I hear from intensive care."

"Now, I want you to go see a boy named Frank," Ms. Maples continued. "He is eight years old and has a very serious blood disease. The doctors think he may not live much longer. Try to be cheerful."

"Oh, no!" Bill thought to himself. "How can I be cheerful?"

Bill was upset as he walked into Frank's room.

"Hi, Frank," Bill said. Then he stopped. Frank looked very unhappy. Bill did not know what to say to him. He had never talked to an eight year old boy who was going to die. There were a few minutes of silence. Then, Bill saw a picture of a basketball team next to Frank's bed.

"Do you like basketball, Frank?" Bill asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered Frank. "I played it every day after school until I got sick."

Frank and Bill began talking about basketball. They talked for a long time. When Bill finally had to leave, Frank was feeling much happier.

"I'll bring in some basketball pictures tomorrow," thought Bill. "It will be a nice surprise for Frank."

Now it was time for Bill to go home. He still felt badly about his mistake with Gail. But he had helped cheer up Joey and Frank.

"I did some things right on my first day," he told himself.

Life and Death

"Ms. Maples, how is Gail doing?" was Bill's first question when he arrived for his second day of work.

"She's feeling better today," answered Ms. Maples. "Her fever is down to 102°. The doctor has moved her back to our ward."

Ms. Maples smiled at Bill. They were both glad that Gail was out of danger.

"By the way," Ms. Maples said to Bill, "Frank has been asking for you. Maybe you should go see him."

"I sure will," said Bill. "He'll be surprised to see the basketball pictures I brought."

Bill went to check on Frank. Then he went to see all of his other patients.

During the next week, Bill got to know all of the children on the ward. He made his rounds each day. This afternoon, the first patient on his list was Sally.

Sally's arm had almost healed now. The bump on her head was much better, too.

"Hi, Sally. How are you today?" Bill asked.

"Fine," said Sally. "But these stitches in my arm itch."

"The doctor says I'm supposed to take the stitches out today," Bill told her. "Then you can go home."

"Will it hurt when you take the stitches out?" asked Sally.

"No," said Bill, "not too much."

"Bye, Sally," Bill smiled as he left her room. "Be careful with glass doors!"

As Bill walked down the hall, he heard someone moan.

"It's coming from Gail's room," he cried. "I thought she was feeling better now!"

He rushed into Gail's room.

"What's the matter, Gail?" he asked.

"I feel terrible," she moaned.

Bill could see that she was very sick. She was hot and feverish. She had red blotches on her face and arms. Bill picked up Gail's chart. He saw that the doctor had given her penicillin thirty minutes ago. Bill read all of Gail's chart very carefully.

"She's allergic to penicillin!" Bill cried as he saw the problem. "She's having a drug reaction."

Bill ran down the hall to the nurse's station.

"Get Dr. Wilson right away!" he said. "Gail is having a drug reaction."

He went to the cabinet where the drugs were kept. He got out the adrenaline.

"Dr. Wilson will need this to help Gail," he thought.

Dr. Wilson was already in Gail's room when Bill got back.

"I can see what's happened," Dr. Wilson said quickly. "We have to give her adrenaline right away."

"I've got it here, Dr. Wilson," said Bill.

"Good work," Dr. Wilson told him.

Bill gave Gail the adrenaline. In a few minutes, Gail felt better.

Later, in the hall, Dr. Wilson said to Bill, "I'm glad you caught my mistake. Gail could have died. Thanks to your quick work, she will be all right. Thank goodness there are nurses like you."

Bill smiled as he walked down the hall to visit Joey.

"Maybe I will be a good nurse after all," he thought.

Today was Joey's first day out of isolation. Bill remembered his promise to help Joey read his dinosaur books.

"Hi, Joey," Bill said. "I talked to your teacher on the telephone this morning. She told about the school work you have missed. I can help you with it. Do you know what else?"

"What?" asked Joey.

"She said that you will get some letters here. Everyone in your class is writing to you." Bill told him.

"That's great!" cried Joey. "I love reading letters. When will they come?"

"I'll bring them to you as soon as they arrive," Bill promised. "For now, let's look at those dinosaur books."

Bill worked with Joey for a while. Then it was time for him to make some other visits.

"Bye, Joey," Bill said. "I'll be back tomorrow to help you with your school work."

"Do we have to?" whined Joey.

"Yes, we do," said Bill.

As Bill walked down the hall, he saw Ms. Maples talking to Frank's father. They looked very serious. Frank's father was crying. Bill felt terrible. He knew what had happened.

"Bill," Ms. Maples said quietly, "I have some very sad news for you. Frank died early this afternoon."

Bill felt sick. Just yesterday he and Frank had talked about playing basketball when Frank got better. Now Frank was dead. Bill didn't know what to say.

He remembered what Mike Thomas had told him.

"Nurses must deal with life and death every day," he had said. "As a nurse you must comfort the family of someone who has died."

Bill didn't feel he could comfort anyone now. He needed someone to comfort him.

Bill was very sad all afternoon. He made his rounds, but he kept thinking about Frank.

"Being a nurse isn't very easy," he thought. "I just hope I'm good enough for it."

A Final Decision

Several years passed. Bill liked being a nurse on the pediatrics floor.

"Hi, Bill," Ms. Maples said one morning as she met Bill in the hall. "I'd like to talk to you."

"Of course," answered Bill. "Is anything wrong?"

"I am going to retire from my job as head nurse soon," Ms. Maples told him. "I want to find a good person to take my place."

"Why is she telling me this?" Bill asked himself.

"I think that _you_ would be just the person to be head nurse." Ms. Maples announced.

"Me?" cried Bill with surprise. "But Ms. Maples, no one would want a man as head nurse."

"Yes, they would," said Ms. Maples. "I have asked the other nurses. They agreed that you would be a good choice."

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," called Ms. Maples.

"A school bus from Wood Lake has just had an accident," Roy Howard exclaimed. "We need both of you in the emergency room right away!"

Bill was out in a flash! He ran down the hall. Ms. Maples followed close behind. Bill was shocked at what he saw in the emergency room. It was horrible. Hurt children were crying everywhere. There weren't enough doctors to help all of the children.

"Bill," Ms. Maples said in a trembling voice. "I don't feel well. Can you take over?"

"We can do it together," Bill told her.

"Each nurse will have to take care of three children," Bill ordered.

Roy Howard helped a boy with a bruised face. Ms. Maples worked with the children who had very bad cuts. Bill helped a girl with a broken ankle.

"Where's a doctor?" cried Roy. "This boy is bleeding from his nose and mouth!"

"We need more help," said Bill. "Tell someone to page more doctors."

The emergency room was filled with activity. Bill worked calmly. He moved from one child to another as quickly as he could. He helped a little girl who had a swollen knot on her forehead.

"My head hurts. I want my Mommy," cried the little girl.

"What's your name?" asked Bill. "Your mother will be here soon. Don't worry. I'm right here."

The little girl smiled at Bill. Then she closed her eyes. Bill was glad she was resting. He checked her breathing to make sure that she was all right.

"Bring oxygen! Quickly! She has stopped breathing!" Bill shouted. He began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Ms. Maples heard Bill's calls. She ran to get the respirator.

Bill blew three large puffs of air into the girl's mouth. Then he realized that her heart had stopped beating. He pounded hard on her chest with his fist. He hoped that that would help her heart start beating again. Again he blew into her mouth three times. He pounded her chest one more time.

"Her heart has to start beating soon," he thought, "or it will be too late."

Finally, the oxygen arrived. They put the mask over her face. Then they wheeled her away.

"We almost lost her," said Bill.

"You are right, Bill," said Ms. Maples, "but you acted very quickly. You may have saved her. As I told you before, Bill, you are a fine nurse. You would be a very good choice for head nurse."

"Thank you for believing in me," said Bill. "Excuse me, but I'm going to go find out how the little girl is doing."

Bill went to the girl's room. A nurse was just coming out of the door.

"How is she?" asked Bill.

"She's fine," said the nurse. "She is going to be all right."

"Whew! Am I glad!" exclaimed Bill.

"What a day," Bill sighed as he walked back to the pediatrics ward. He thought about the talk he had had with Ms. Maples earlier in the day.

"I wonder if Ms. Maples is right," Bill thought. "I wonder if I could be the head nurse."

Several weeks later, Bill was asked to speak with the director of the hospital about the job. Bill was sorry to hear that he had to go in for an interview.

"It probably means that they have other good people in mind for the job," Bill thought.

When the day of the interview arrived, Bill was nervous.

"What am I going to say?" he wondered. "How can I show him that I would be a good head nurse?"

"Hello," Bill said to the receptionist when he arrived for the interview. "I'm Bill Anderson. I am here for a job interview."

"Yes," she answered. "The director is waiting for you. Go right in."

Bill opened the door.

"Surprise!" shouted the crowd of people inside of the director's office.

A sign said "Congratulations, Bill Anderson, Our New Pediatrics Head Nurse."

"What's all this? I...I..." Bill stammered.

"Yes, Bill," said Ms. Maples. "You are the new head nurse."

"Oh, thank you!" said Bill. "What can I say? I made the right choice! Nursing is my life."

Angie
Story 1
1st/3rd

The Virginia Bay Marina

The first thing Angie saw when she awoke each day was her shelf of model boats. It was across the room from her bed. Angie's favorite model was the ocean liner. Her Uncle Ted, who was a sea captain, had helped her build it.

"I want to be like Uncle Ted," Angie thought. "I want to be the captain of a real ocean liner. Then I can sail all over the world."

"Ready to get up?" Angie's mother asked as she came into the room. "We have lots of work to do at the marina today. The season is about to begin. Soon people will be coming to rent our row boats and sailboats. We had better start getting ready for them."

"Okay, okay," said Angie. "I know I am being lazy. I'll get up right away. Hey, Mom," Angie added as her mother started to leave the room. "Do you think I'll be a ship captain some day?"

"Yes," her mother answered. "I think you'll make a fine captain some day."

Angie smiled at her mother. She felt happy. Her mother believed that she could do it. Angie believed it, too.

They worked hard for several days. They fixed all of the boats at the marina. Finally, everything was ready.

The first car of the season drove in. It was full of people who wanted to go fishing. Angie helped them choose a good row boat. Soon they were off towards the middle of the bay.

Next came a group of teenagers. They rented two Sunfish sailboats. Angie helped them put on their life preservers. Then she watched as a strong breeze carried the boats away.

"I guess I'll go inside and have my lunch now," Angie thought as noon approached. "I am very tired. I need a rest."

Just as she was finishing her sandwich, she heard a voice calling.

"Angie! Angie!" came the call. "Where are you?"

"It's Dad," thought Angie sleepily. "I wonder what he wants?"

She jumped up and ran outside. A strong gust of wind almost knocked her down.

"Dad!" she called. "I'm over here."

"The kids with the sailboats are having trouble," her father explained. "One Sunfish has tipped over."

"I'll go out in the dinghy to see if I can help," Angie said.

"Thanks,Angie," her father replied. "Someone has to stay here. You will have to go alone."

Angie set out towards the two sailboats. The water was very choppy. The bay was covered with whitecaps.

"No wonder the Sunfish tipped over," she thought. "The wind is very strong!"

Angie pulled up next to the boat that had tipped over. She could see that the people were all right. They were holding on to the side of the second boat.

"There's room for you in here," Angie said to the swimmers.

She helped them into the dinghy. Then she went over to the Sunfish. She stood on the center board and pulled up on the mast.

Soon the Sunfish was upright again.

"There you go," she called to the teenagers. "But be careful from now on. The wind is dangerous today."

"We will be all right," they called back. "Thanks, Angie."

Every summer for the next few years, Angie worked at the marina on Virginia Bay. She sailed many boats, but they were all small boats. Angie's dream was to try sailing a really big ship.

One day, during her last year of high school, Angie got a very special letter.

"Hey, Mom," Angie called. "It is a letter from Uncle Ted. He says that he and Aunt Rhonda are going to come visit us."

"That's wonderful, Angie," her mother answered. "What else does the letter say?"

"They will be sailing their schooner up the coast next week," Angie told her mother. "They will stop here to see us. Uncle Ted says he has something important to tell me."

Angie couldn't wait for the week to pass. It seemed like forever, but finally the day arrived.

"I hope that they are here when I get home from school!" Angie called to her mother as she left for her last day of school.

After school, Angie rushed home.

"Mom, are they here yet?" she called as she burst into the house.

"Not yet, Angie," her mother answered. "You will have to be patient. It may be taking them longer to get here than they had planned."

Angie tried to be patient. By 10 o'clock that night they still hadn't arrived. Angie was getting worried.

"They should be here by now," Angie said. "I am afraid that something has happened to them."

"We can check with the Coast Guard," Angie's mother suggested. "If the boat is in trouble, the Coast Guard might know about it."

Angie's mother called the Coast Guard and explained the situation to them.

"Yes," said the person at the Coast Guard. "We have some information about that boat. We talked with the captain on our radio yesterday. They told us that they had engine trouble. Then their radio went dead. We haven't heard from them since."

"Is there anything that we can do?" asked Angie's mother.

"If we don't hear from them by morning," the Coast Guard assured her, "we will send a plane to search for them."

"Thank you," said Angie's mother.

She hung up the phone and told Angie what the man had said.

"It looks like there is nothing we can do until morning, Angie," she said. "We should go to bed and try to get some sleep."

Angie went to bed but she did not get much sleep.

"What if something terrible has happened to Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda," she thought. "What if they have been hurt?"

When Angie finally fell asleep, she dreamed about rough winds and sailboats tipping over.

Angie
Story 2
1st/3rd

An Exciting Summer

Angie thought of Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda as soon as she woke up. Quickly, she put on her clothes and rushed downstairs.

"Mom," she called, "have you heard anything yet?"

"Not yet," her mother answered. "The Coast Guard has sent out a search plane. There is no word yet."

Angie nibbled at her breakfast, but nothing tasted very good. All morning and all afternoon she kept worrying about the missing boat. Finally, about 5 o'clock, the phone rang. Angie ran to answer it.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello, Angie?" said a deep and friendly voice. "It's Uncle Ted. How are you?"

"Uncle Ted!" Angie cried. "I'm so glad to hear from you. What happened? Are you all right?"

"Yes, we're fine," Uncle Ted told her. "We ran into a storm that knocked out our engine. Then the wind died so we couldn't use the sails. With no motor and no wind, we couldn't go anywhere. We just sat and waited. It seemed like forever. The worst part was that our radio had stopped working. We couldn't tell anyone what was happening to us. Finally, the wind picked up, and we made it in to shore," he explained. "We will be right over to see you," he went on. "Don't forget, we have something important to tell you."

Angie thought again about the important message. She had forgotten about it while their boat was missing. Now that they were safe, she could hardly wait to hear what it was.

Soon, Uncle Ted and Aunt Rhonda arrived. They told Angie's family about their adventures in the storm. The talk went on and on. Finally, Angie couldn't stand it any longer.

"What is it that you want to tell me?" she burst out. "Please tell me! Please!"

"I guess you've waited long enough," Aunt Rhonda smiled. "As you know, we are spending the summer sailing our schooner between Florida and Jamaica. We want you to come along and help us out."

"We will teach you how to run the ship," said Uncle Ted. "Maybe by the end of the summer, you will be able to run things by yourself."

Angie couldn't believe her ears. She would have a whole summer full of trips on their schooner!

Angie turned to her mother and father. "Can I go? Please?" Angie cried.

Angie's parents looked at each other and smiled. They nodded their heads.

"Oh, thank you," Angie shouted with joy. "I can't wait! When do we start?"

"Is tomorrow soon enough?" laughed her uncle.

"Fantastic!" cried Angie.

Two weeks later, Angie was on the schooner headed for Jamaica. Her Aunt Rhonda and Uncle Ted taught her all of the things that she needed to know about running the schooner. Angie was quick to learn. Soon, her aunt and uncle let Angie take the wheel. They stayed close by in case she needed help.

The first four trips went smoothly. On the fifth trip, Aunt Rhonda had a surprise for Angie.

"It is time for me to go inspect the ship," Aunt Rhonda said. "I want you to take over the wheel while I am gone."

"Yes, Captain," Angie answered.

She was excited. It was her first chance to steer the ship by herself!

Aunt Rhonda left Angie on her own at the wheel. At first, everything went fine. Then, suddenly, the wind died down. The ship stopped moving. Angie did not realize that this was the calm before a sea storm. Suddenly, strong winds blew the ship back and forth. The rains began to pour down.

"I have been in storms before," thought Angie. "I can handle this."

Angie did not call for help. The crew did not realize that she was alone at the wheel. Suddenly, the wheel slipped from her hands. The boat leaned far to one side. Angie fell to the deck.

Just then, Aunt Rhonda rushed up from below deck. She grabbed the wheel and held it steady. She soon got the ship under control. Aunt Rhonda guided the ship out of the storm.

Angie went below to dry off. She felt terrible. When the storm was over, Aunt Rhonda came to talk to her.

"I'm sorry," said Angie. "I didn't mean to..."

"I know you didn't do it on purpose," said her aunt.

"I guess I should have asked for help," said Angie. "I thought I could handle the storm."

"Yes," her aunt told her. "You should have asked for help. But it was partly my fault too. I shouldn't have left you alone for so long," she admitted. "No one was hurt. We've both learned our lessons. Now let's forget about it and have some supper."

"Thank you," Angie said warmly. She really had learned her lesson. She was glad her aunt had been understanding.

Angie had a wonderful time the rest of the summer. She was more sure than ever that she wanted to become a ship captain. At the end of the summer's last trip, Angie got a letter she had been waiting for.

"It's from the Merchant Marine Academy!" she cried. "They say I can go to school there. I am going to have a chance to learn how to become a ship captain!"

"Are you sure that is what you really want to do?" asked Uncle Ted. "It takes many years of hard work to become a ship captain."

"I know it is going to be hard work," answered Angie. "I know it will be a very long time until I am a real captain. I think that it is all worth it. It is what I want to do!"

Angie
Story 3
1st/3rd

Captain Angela Golden

Many years passed and Angie worked hard. She started her work on ships as a "deck hand". Then she made her way up to "First Officer," "Second Officer," and then "Staff Captain." Finally, after 10 years, she became a "Full Captain."

"I've done it!" thought Angie proudly. "Now I am Captain Angela Golden."

Several days later, Angie received a phone call.

"Hello, is this Captain Angela Golden?" asked the man on the phone. "My name is Mr. Fletcher. I am the president of Western Cruise Lines. We have heard that you are a fine ship captain. Our company in California needs a new captain to run one of our ocean liners. We think that you would be a good person for the job. Will you think about joining our company?"

Two weeks later, Angie was on her way to California. She was now a captain for the Western Cruise Lines. Mr. Fletcher met her at the airport.

"Welcome to Los Angeles, Captain Golden," he said. "Are you looking forward to the trip to Hawaii?"

"Yes, I am," answered Angie. "Tell me, how many people will be on board the ship?"

"About 800," Mr. Fletcher answered. "Some of them are very important people. Senator Silverberg, for example, will be among the passengers."

"It should be interesting!" said Angie.

"Let's drive over to the ship," Mr. Fletcher offered. "I will show you around."

When they arrived at the ship, Angie met the crew members. She had a pleasant surprise. Her cousin Ruth was the ship's doctor for the trip to Hawaii!

Angie and the crew got the ship ready for the trip. Finally, it was time to depart. It was Angie's job to greet the passengers as they came on board.

"Welcome aboard, Senator Silverberg," Angie smiled. "I hope that you and your wife will have a pleasant trip."

"Thank you, Captain Golden," he said. "I am sure that we will."

Soon all of the passengers were on board and the ship began its trip to Hawaii. The first few days went smoothly. There were parties, swimming, and basketball. The weather was beautiful, and everyone was having a good time.

But on the third day of the trip, they ran into trouble. The winds died down and everything was quiet.

"It is the calm before the storm," thought Angie. "I can tell we are in for some bad weather."

"Attention all crew members," she said into the loudspeaker. "Please report to the Captain's cabin at once. We must prepare for some bad weather."

When the passengers heard this, they became upset. Angie tried to calm them down.

"Do not be alarmed," she continued over the loudspeaker. "We will experience some bad weather, but we should have no trouble. Please return to your cabins. Everything will be all right."

By now, all of the crew members were in Angie's cabin.

"Officer Marshall," Angie said, "radio back to the nearest port. Tell them about the storm and our present location. Keep in radio contact with them for as long as the storm lasts."

"Yes, Captain Golden," he said.

"Officer Carson, you and the others come with me," ordered Angie. "We must go on deck and prepare for strong winds."

By the time Angie got on deck, the wind was already very strong. She and the crew tied down the deck chairs. They did not want them to blow away. Then, the rains started pouring down. The ship began swaying back and forth. Huge waves rushed up on the deck.

"I'd better go below and check on the engine," Angie thought.

When she got to the engine room, she could see that there was trouble. One of the propeller blades had been torn off. Now the ship was very hard to steer.

"Captain Golden," said Officer Carson, "we cannot keep the ship on course."

"Don't worry about staying on course," Angie told him. "Just try to keep the ship from tipping over."

Suddenly, the boat lurched to one side. Angie and Officer Carson ran to the wheel. They pulled on it hard. Finally, they got the boat upright again.

"Sailor Wilson," Angie called, "take my place. I am going to go check on the passengers."

When Angie reached the passengers, many of them were scared.

"Now calm down," she told them. "This has been a bad storm, but the worst is over. We are almost through it. Our ship is strong."

At that moment, the boat tipped hard to one side. Several people fell to the floor.

"Please return to your cabins," Angie requested. "You will be safer there."

"You should have known about this," an angry woman shouted at Angie. "How could you do this to us?"

Some of the other passengers became angry too. Angie tried to calm them, but a sailor interrupted her.

"Captain Golden, there is trouble on the deck," he called.

"What is it?" shouted Angie. "What's happened?"

"It is Senator Silverberg, Captain. His wife can't find him anywhere. She thinks that he went out on the deck to see what was happening," the sailor explained.

"On the deck!" Angie cried. "It is dangerous out there. I had better go look for him."

Angie pushed through the crowd and ran up the steps. She rushed out onto the deck. The wind was so strong that she could hardly walk. She could not see well through the heavy rain.

"Senator Silverberg!" she called. "Senator Silverberg, are you out here?"

Hawaii at Last!

Angie looked out into the driving rain. Her heart pounded. She could only see two feet in front of her.

"Senator Silverberg! Where are you?" Angie shouted. "Are you out there? Are you all right?"

"Over here! Here!" Angie heard a voice calling.

"Where are you, Senator Silverberg?" Angie shouted. "I can't see you."

"By the railing. Here by the railing!" came the answer.

Angie looked in each direction. She tried to see the Senator. The boat rocked back and forth. The blowing salt water hurt her eyes. Finally, she saw him. He was hanging on to the railing. Angie started towards him. The wind drove her back. She tried again. She had almost reached him when a huge gust of wind hit them both.

Senator Silverberg lost his grip. He started to slip over the side of the boat. Angie reached him just in time. She caught his hands. She pulled as hard as she could, but he was too heavy. She couldn't pull him back up onto the deck.

Officer Carson reached them just in time. He gripped both of the Senator's arms. Together, he and Angie pulled the Senator up onto the deck.

"Senator, you have had a close call," Angie sighed with relief.

She and Officer Carson helped the Senator down to the ship's hospital.

"Make sure that he is all right, Ruth," Angie told her cousin. "I must go check the engines."

Angie found that two men in the engine room had been knocked unconscious during the storm. The other five crew members had kept things going well. Angie returned to the deck.

"The storm is not yet over," Angie announced to the passengers, "but the worst is past. When the storm is over, a hot meal will be waiting in the dining room for everyone."

The last half of the storm was not as bad as the first part. People could walk without falling. When things were calm, Angie went down to check on Senator Silverberg.

"How is the Senator doing?" she asked her cousin Ruth.

"He's fine," Ruth answered. "He is sleeping now. He wants to talk to you when he wakes up. He wants to thank you."

"I was only doing my job," Angie told her cousin. "I think I'll lie down for a little while," she added. "I feel a little weak."

As Angie lay down, she thought about the storm. She felt unhappy that so many people were angry with her. She had done the best job that she knew how to do.

"I don't care what anyone says," Angie thought. "I am not going to let anything spoil my vacation. I am going to have a good time in Hawaii."

Hawaii was a beautiful place. Angie went swimming and fishing and had a wonderful time. Soon the vacation was over. She had to go back to the ship and ready it for the return trip.

Angie and the sailors often saw Hawaiian children playing near the ship. The children liked to watch the big boats come in and out of the harbor. Sometimes Angie and the other crew members would talk to them.

"Will you give us a ride on your ship, mister?" a small boy asked one of the sailors.

"I'm afraid it is not my ship. You will have to ask the captain," the sailor replied.

"Where is he?" asked the little boy's sister.

"Our captain isn't a he. Our captain is a woman," the sailor told them.

"You mean your captain is a girl?" the boy asked. "You are teasing me."

"It is true!" the sailor assured him.

"No!" the boy said. "Girls cannot be ship captains!"

"Well, ours is!" the sailor said as the ship's whistle blew a loud blast. "Now I have to go back to work. That is what the whistle means. I will see you later!" he called as he walked away.

"Goodbye!" the children shouted after him.

Two days later, the ship was ready to set sail. People seemed much happier now. They seemed to have forgotten all about the storm.

To celebrate the return to Los Angeles, everyone on the ship was invited to a big party. There was lots of music and dancing. The tables were full of good food.

"Good evening, Captain Golden," the passengers said to Angie as she entered the party.

"Good evening," she answered.

"This is a great party," someone told Angie.

"I am glad that you are enjoying yourself," Angie smiled.

But two small passengers were not having such a good time. Two Hawaiian children were hiding in one of the lifeboats. They were the same two children who had talked to the sailor a few days before. They had decided to take a trip on Angie's big ship. They wanted to see the world.

"Can we go get something to eat?" the boy asked his sister. "I'm starving!"

"We can't now," she told him. "We have to wait until everyone has gone to bed."

"Can we go look through the window?" begged the little boy. "I want to see what's going on."

"Okay," said the girl. "We must be quiet or someone will catch us."

The two children walked very quietly over to the window. All of a sudden, there was a loud crash. The boy had run into a deck chair and knocked it over.

"Now you've done it!" his sister cried. "Someone is coming. They are going to catch us. Quick! Jump into the life boat and don't breathe!"

They ran quickly back to their hiding place. Just then, a tall man walked out onto the deck. He wanted to find out what had caused all of the noise.

Angie
Story 5
1st/3rd

Heading Towards Home

The two Hawaiian children hid quietly in the lifeboat. They peeked out at the man in the doorway.

"Oh, no," said the boy. "It is a sailor. He is going to find us. I bet he will beat us up."

"Keep still," said his sister, "or _I_ am going to beat you up."

The two children tried not to move.

"Do you see anything out there?" someone called out to the sailor.

"Just a deck chair that has been turned over," answered the sailor. "It must have been the wind."

The two children shook with fear. They watched the sailor walk straight towards their hiding place.

"We are lucky that it is so dark tonight," thought the girl.

They were indeed lucky. The sailor picked up the deck chair. Then he walked back inside to the party. He hadn't seen them!

"Whew, that was close!" whispered the girl. "He looked right at us!"

"What are we going to do now?" asked the boy. "I am so hungry!"

"We will have to wait until everyone is gone," answered his sister. "Then we can go in and get some food."

They didn't have long to wait. After another hour, the passengers started leaving the party to go to their cabins. Soon, everyone was gone.

"Shall we clean up, Captain?" the crew asked Angie.

"Let's not spoil the party by cleaning up now," Angie answered. "You can wait until morning."

"Yes, Captain Golden. Thank you," the crew smiled.

No one was going to disagree with that order.

After everyone else had gone to sleep, Angie walked around the deck. She was too restless to sleep. As she came near the party room, she heard voices. The room was dark.

"What could it be?" she asked.

Slowly, she turned on the light. There stood two children with their mouths full of food. Angie was as surprised as they were.

"What is this?" she asked.

She knew that there were no children on the ship.

"Where have you come from?" she asked.

Then she realized where they were from. They were Hawaiian, and they were stowaways. The children were scared. They started to run away.

"It is all right! I am not going to throw you overboard!" she called.

"We just wanted a ride on the boat," the little boy said.

"No," cried the girl. "We wanted to see the world!"

"Why don't you sit down," Angie laughed. "You can tell me about your adventure while you eat a good meal."

The children told Angie everything. Then the boy had a question.

"Can we meet the captain?" he asked.

"Yes, tomorrow you can meet the captain," Angie answered.

"Now it is time for bed."

The next day Angie told the rest of the passengers about the two children.

"This is Mona and her brother Lon," she said.

Lon began pulling at Angie's coat.

"Hey, lady," he said.

"Yes," Angie answered.

"Where is the captain?" he asked. "You said we could meet the captain."

People began to laugh.

"Why, she _is_ the captain!" Senator Silverberg said.

"But she _can't_ be the captain! She is a girl!" the boy cried.

"Yes, she can!" the girl reminded him. "Remember what the sailor told us?"

"I don't believe she is a captain. Do something a captain does," the little boy said to Angie.

Just then, the first engineer came in. He walked straight to Angie and said something to her.

"It seems that we have some engine trouble," Angie said, turning to the passengers. "It is nothing serious. Continue with your breakfast. I will have it fixed very soon."

"Yes, like you fixed the storm?" someone shouted.

"Maybe that Hawaiian boy has got something," another person said. "A woman cannot be a ship captain!"

"I will never take a trip with a female captain again," a man said. "It is nothing but trouble."

Other people agreed with him.

"I haven't got time to argue with you," Angie said, trying to hold back her anger. "I will do the best job that I can."

She left the room. The engineer followed her.

"You people are wrong," Senator Silverberg said after Angie had gone. "Captain Golden has done a good job. The storm was not her fault. She got us through it very well. In fact, she saved my life."

"I agree with the Senator," another person said. "I think the captain did a fine job during the storm. She has made this a safe and pleasant trip for all of us."

While the people were talking, the two children went down to the engine room. They watched Angie as she fixed the engine. Finally, after an hour of hard work, it was repaired.

"You did it, Captain!" the little boy cried.

"I knew she would," the girl added.

"We should tell the passengers that the engine has been fixed," said the engineer.

"I don't know whether I can face all of those people," said Angie. "They are so angry with me."

"We will go with you," the children cried together.

"All right," Angie agreed. "Let's go."

Angie walked into the dining room. She was covered with dirt. Her jacket had been torn.

"Did it get a little rough down there, Captain?" someone muttered.

"Yes, as a matter of fact it did," Angie answered. "But the engine is fixed now. We are on our way again."

"I don't think that she fixed it," one of the passengers said. "A man probably worked on the engine. She rubbed grease on herself to make us think that she fixed it."

"No!" Lon yelled. "Captain Golden fixed the engine! We saw her! My sister and I saw her fix the engine!"

"It is true," the engineer said. "Captain Golden did repair the engine. I couldn't find the trouble. She found it right away and she fixed it."

The passengers looked at each other. They felt terrible about all of the bad things that they had said about Angie.

"We are sorry," one person said. "You have done a good job as captain."

"That's right," another agreed. "All in all this has been a very pleasant trip."

"Let's hear it for Captain Golden!" Mona cried.

Just then, Angie saw the California coastline.

"Let's hear it for home!" she added.

John
Story 1
1st/3rd

The Airport Restaurant

John cleared a space at the counter so Susan could sit down.

"Would you like some coffee?" he asked her. "Did you have a good flight today?"

"I certainly did," answered Susan. "I had a two day layover in Los Angeles. One day I went to see Disneyland. The next day I swam in the ocean."

"Wow!" exclaimed John. "You travel to so many places as a flight attendant. Your job sounds like fun!"

"It really is," Susan answered. "My vacations are my favorite part. I can fly anywhere in the United States for very little money. On my next vacation, I'm going to spend a week skiing in Colorado. Then I'm going to Florida to visit my grandmother."

"What a life!" John sighed. "That sounds like the job for me. I like to travel and to be with people. I could do both as an airplane attendant."

"Well, John," Susan told him, "maybe you should become an airplane attendant. It sounds like you would enjoy the job."

"Maybe I should," John said. "I'll think about it."

John went back to his work as a waiter in the airport restaurant. He took people's orders and served them their food.

"Good morning, Mr. Mott," John said as he saw his friend come into the restaurant.

"Hi, John," Mr. Mott answered. "This is my nephew Tony. Will you give us two cokes to go? I'm taking Tony for a ride in my new airplane."

"Sure," answered John. "It sounds like fun, Tony. I'll get your cokes right away."

"Have a safe trip!" John called as Mr. Mott and Tony left the restaurant.

All morning, John thought about what Susan had said.

"Maybe I should be an airplane attendant," he thought. "I would love to travel to all of the places that Susan has been."

Soon John was too busy to think about it anymore. He had to serve lunch to all of the people in the restaurant. Finally, the lunchtime rush ended. It was time for John's break. John went into the back room of the restaurant. He turned on his short wave radio. He could hear the pilots talking to the control tower. As he ate his lunch, John heard the pilots from several planes asking for permission to land. Suddenly, an excited voice came over the radio.

"Control tower. This is Cessna 150 N1345M," cried the voice. "My landing gear is stuck. I can't get it down. What should I do?"

"Control tower to Cessna 150 N1345M," came the answer. "Try your landing gear one more time."

"It's no use," said the pilot. "I've tried it twice. It won't come down."

"You will have to make an emergency landing," the control tower said. "Keep circling. We will clear the runway and cover it with foam."

"Oh, no," thought John. "That's Mr. Mott. He's in real trouble!"

John ran back to the main part of the restaurant. He went over to a large window. Looking up, he saw Mr. Mott as he circled above. He saw the firetruck race out to the runway. Two firefighters covered the runway with foam.

By now, many people were at the window. They were interested in the excitement outside.

"Why are they putting foam on the runway?" a man asked.

"It's Mr. Mott's plane," John answered. "His landing gear is broken. The foam will make the landing safer. The plane can slide through it when it hits the ground."

"Foam helps if the plane catches on fire, too," a woman said. "The foam will help put it out."

Everyone was quiet. The plane was coming in for its landing. John watched the plane fly lower and lower. Suddenly, it hit the ground. Foam sprayed everywhere. It looked like the plane was lost in a snowstorm. Then the plane appeared again. It was sliding down the runway. One wing had broken off. Finally, the plane came to a stop.

The firefighters ran over to the plane. They helped Mr. Mott and Tony climb out.

"Are they hurt?" asked a man.

"They look all right," answered John. "They can walk."

Mr. Mott and Tony were taken to an ambulance. John had to get back to work, but he couldn't stop worrying about his friends.

"I sure hope that they are all right," he thought to himself.

A little while later, Mr. Henley came into the restaurant. He was one of the firefighters who had helped spread foam on the runway.

"Mr. Henley," John called. "How are Mr. Mott and Tony?"

"They were lucky. They are going to be all right," Mr. Henley answered. "By the way, John, we need another firefighter on our crew. Would you like to work with us?"

"I don't think so, Mr. Henley," John answered. "I am thinking about becoming a flight attendant. I like working with people and I like to travel. As an airplane attendant I would be paid for doing both of those things."

"That sounds like a good idea," said Mr. Henley. "Why don't you give it a try?"

"I think I will," answered John.

That night, John wrote a letter to the airline that Susan worked for. He applied to go to flight attendant training school.

"Well, that's done," said John. "Now all I have to do is wait for their answer."

John
Story 2
1st/3rd

John's New Job

John sorted through his mail. He saw the letter he was looking for.

"This is it!" he shouted excitedly.

He opened the letter from the airline and quickly read it.

"I made it!" he cried. "I start school next Monday."

John was so excited that he almost forgot that he had to be at work at 5 o'clock. He was already late. He had to run all the way to the airport restaurant.

The first person John saw when he arrived at work was Susan.

"Susan!" he cried. "I've got good news! I'm going to become an airplane attendant. I got the letter of acceptance today."

"Fantastic!" said Susan. "That really is good news."

"It sure is," John agreed. "Well, I'd better get to work. I'm already late."

John went back to the kitchen. He had to check in with the manager of the restaurant.

"Hi, Denny," he greeted him. "Guess what! I'm getting a new job."

"Why?" asked Denny with surprise. "I thought you liked working here."

"Oh, I do," answered John. "But I'm going to be an airplane attendant."

"A flight attendant?" asked Denny. "Are you kidding?"

"No, I'm serious," John assured him. "I start school on Monday."

"But that's no job for a man," Denny insisted. "That's women's work. Why don't you become a pilot? There is a man's job."

"I did think about being a pilot," answered John. "But I like to be around people. A pilot stays in the cockpit and doesn't see many people. Besides, it takes years to learn how to become a pilot. I'll be a flight attendant in only five more weeks."

"It's your life," said Denny. "I don't understand it, but good luck."

"Thanks," said John. "I'll need it. I hear training school is hard work."

The training was hard work, but John enjoyed it. He learned how to keep the passengers comfortable and how the plane worked. He learned how to help people who were sick or injured. Most importantly, he learned how to get passengers out of a plane in case of an emergency.

There was also a lesson on how to deal with hijackers.

"There is one very important thing to remember," John was told. "Always keep the door to the cockpit locked. After you take the food to the crew, lock the door behind you. Then no hijacker can get to the pilot."

"I never want to face a hijacker," thought John. "That would be frightening."

John was happy to finish his fifth week of training. He was ready for his first flight as an airplane attendant.

"I hope I do a good job," John told himself.

He was nervous at first, but he was friendly to the passengers. He found that they were friendly in return.

"This is going to be a great job," he thought. "Next week I take my first trip across the ocean. I'm finally going to travel!"

John's overseas trip began smoothly. An hour into the flight, however, John sensed that something was wrong.

"John," the head attendant motioned, "the pilot wants to talk to you. Hurry."

John walked quickly to the front of the plane.

"We have a serious problem," the pilot explained. "Our panel lights show that there is a heat build-up in the luggage compartment. If it is on fire, we are in big trouble. We might crash into the ocean. I want you and the co-pilot to go down and find out what the problem is. Please hurry."

John and Ben rushed to the back of the plane. They opened the hatch which led to the luggage compartment. Smoke poured out.

"We have a fire," Ben told the pilot over the intercom. "Lower the pressure in the plane. Take it down to a lower altitude. We may have to open the outer hatch door."

Ben and John crawled into the luggage compartment. It was hot and smoky. They held their oxygen masks close to their faces. Finally, John saw the fire.

"Look, Ben," he said. "Over there. That crate is on fire."

"Get the axe and the fire extinguisher," Ben ordered.

John moved forward. His lungs were burning from the smoke. He grabbed the axe and swung it at the burning crate.

"We're too late, Ben," he called. "Part of the floor is burning, too. We will never get the fire out now."

"We will have to chop the burning part free," Ben shouted. "Maybe we can push it into the ocean."

Ben swung the axe. The burning part broke free.

Quickly, John and Ben pushed it through the outer hatch door. They saw it drop towards the ocean.

John was very tired. He sprayed the area around the burned floor with the fire extinguisher. That would put out any sparks that might be left.

Finally, their job was done. John and Ben made their way back to the cabin. They fell into their seats with exhaustion.

"You did an excellent job," the pilot said when he came back to talk to John. "You may have saved the plane from crashing. We were very lucky to have such a good crew on this flight."

South of the Border

John was excited about the flight to Mexico. When he arrived at the airport, Susan was already there.

"Are you going to Mexico, too?" John asked her in surprise.

"Yes, I am," Susan answered. "It will be fun to work together! I will show you around Mexico. It is a very beautiful country."

John and Susan welcomed the passengers as they boarded the plane. First came a mother and her baby. Then came two businessmen. Next came a man carrying a pair of heavy leather boots. John noticed that one of the boots had a metal sole.

"What are the boots for?" John asked the man as he showed him to his seat.

"I am a motorcycle racer," answered the man. "They are my racing boots."

"I would like to talk about racing later," John said.

Finally, all of the passengers were on board. The plane was ready to take off. Soon it was in the air and on its way to Mexico.

John went to the kitchen to prepare the lunch. He passed out the lunch trays to all of the passengers.

"Hello," John said as he served lunch to the racer. "Will you tell more about your boots now?"

"It is hard to turn corners in races. I drag one foot along the ground. Then I don't tip over," the man answered. "The metal sole protects the boot. Otherwise, it would have holes in it."

"That sounds like a good idea," said John. "Are you going to Mexico for a race?"

"Yes, I am," the man replied. "The racc is the day after tomorrow. My name is Allen Stone. Would you like to come see me ride?"

"I would love to," John answered. "I have always wanted to see a motorcycle race."

"Good, I will see you there," Allen told him.

As the passengers finished lunch, Susan and John cleared away the lunch trays. It was soon time for the plane to land in Mexico.

John and Susan had two free days in Mexico before their return flight. John had a wonderful time. He saw open air fruit markets. He ate spicy food. He even went to a bull fight. That was something he would never forget.

Best of all, John and Susan went to the motorcycle race. Their friend Allen came in second. It was an exciting race!

"This is some job," John told Susan as the trip neared an end. "Working is almost like going on a vacation. Traveling is even more fun than I thought it would be. I am glad that I became a flight attendant."

Soon, the vacation in Mexico was over. John and Susan returned to the airport. They prepared the plane for the return trip.

"Everything is ready now," called Susan. "Here come the passengers."

Some of the passengers on the return trip were Mexicans. Others were Americans who had been on vacation in Mexico.

One passenger was very nervous. He carried a heavy coat over one arm as he anxiously boarded the plane.

"Welcome aboard!" said John to the man. "May I take your coat? I can put it in our closet."

"No, I want to carry it," the man answered sharply. He hurried back to his seat.

"That is very strange," thought John. "Did I make him angry?"

John was too busy to think about it for long. He had to help settle the rest of the passengers on board. When everyone was seated the plane rose into the air.

When it was lunch time, Susan served sandwiches to the passengers. John took lunch to the pilot and the co-pilot.

After John finished serving the crew, he helped Susan clear away the lunch trays.

Suddenly, the pilot's voice came over the loudspeaker.

"Please remain calm," the pilot said. "There is a man with us who wants to go the Chile. If we all cooperate, no one will be hurt. Just stay in your seats and don't try to come into the cockpit."

Everyone began to talk at once. They were frightened by the pilot's news.

"A hijacker!" John gasped. "Where did he come from?"

Then he remembered the angry man with the heavy coat. Sure enough, his seat was empty.

"He could have had a gun hidden under his coat. That must be why he didn't want me to take it," John realized. "I must have left the door to the cockpit open when I took in the pilot's lunch."

"John!" Susan cried as she rushed towards him. "There is a man back there who is very sick. I think he's having a heart attack."

"I'll see what I can do to help him," John told her. "Try to calm down the passengers,"

John went to the back of the plane. The man was lying on the floor. He had stopped breathing.

"Attention, everyone," John shouted. "Is there a doctor or a nurse on this plane? If so, please come here at once."

John knew that there was no time to lose. He began artificial respiration at once. He hoped the man would start breathing again.

"Let me through!" a woman shouted. "I am a nurse. Let me through."

She finally reached the sick man.

"It is a heart attack," she said. "I can keep him alive for 30 minutes, an hour at the most. He must get to a hospital soon or he will die."

John
Story 4
1st/3rd

A Change in Flight Plan

"Attendant!" an angry passenger shouted.

"Can I help you?" John asked.

"Yes. You can tell me how the hijacker got into the cockpit!" the man cried. "You left the door open when you brought out the crew's lunch trays. I saw you! Admit it!"

John stood in silence for a few seconds. He did not know what to say.

"Please calm down," he finally told the man. "Return to your seat. We are handling things as well as we can."

"Calm down?" shouted the man. "We might all be killed! I think that you got us into this mess. You had better get us out of it."

John walked toward the front of the plane. He couldn't stop thinking about what the man had said. The man was right. It was his fault. He had left the door unlocked.

"Because of my mistake," John thought, "the hijacker was able to get into the cockpit."

"Snap out of it, John," Susan said sharply. "Feeling guilty won't make things any better. We have to do something. We must convince the hijacker to let us land. The sick man must be taken to a hospital."

"I can't do it, Susan," John said nervously. "I am afraid that I will make another mistake."

"All right, I'll do it," Susan said as she knocked on the cockpit door. "Please let me in," she called. "I want to talk to you. It is an emergency."

Susan waited. Finally, the door opened. Susan could see the hijacker holding a gun against the pilot's head.

"Captain Davidson!" she cried. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, Susan, no one has been hurt," the pilot assured her.

"And no one will be hurt," the hijacker broke in, "if everyone does what I say."

"That is exactly why I came to talk to you," Susan said to the hijacker. "Someone has been hurt. A man has had a heart attack. We must get him to a hospital right away."

"This is a trick!" the hijacker shouted. "This plane is not going to land until we get to Chile."

"I am not trying to trick you," Susan promised him. "You can come with me and see for yourself. The man is going to die."

"All right," the hijacker finally agreed. "You can land the plane at the nearest airport. You must tell the control tower that no one can come near the plane while we are on the ground. If anyone comes near the plane," the hijacker reminded them, "I will pull this trigger. As soon as all of the passengers are off of the plane, we will head for Chile."

The pilot got permission to land at a nearby airport. As the plane rolled to a stop, John and Susan helped the passengers down to safety. Soon, the plane was in the air again, headed for Chile.

"I guess you know that I left the cockpit door unlocked," John said sadly to Susan. "This mess is my fault."

"Don't feel badly, John," Susan answered. "The hijacker is a determined person. He would have figured out another way to do this."

At this, they fell into silence. They wondered what was going to happen to them. After several hourse, they reached the northern border of Chile.

"Sir," the captain said to the hijacker, "where do you want us to land?"

"In Santa Video," the hijacker answered. "It is in the mountains."

"There is no airport there," the co-pilot said as he found Santa Video on the map. "It is surrounded by mountains. A large plane cannot land there safely."

"What do you mean we can't land there?" shouted the hijacker. "This is another one of your tricks."

"The mountains are too high," the pilot explained. "It would be very dangerous to try to land there. The plane would probably crash."

"I don't believe you," the hijacker yelled. "Take this plane to Santa Video!"

The hijacker pointed his gun at the capatin's head again to show that he meant what he said.

"We will try to land there," Captain Davidson decided. "Everyone had better fasten their seat belts."

The hijacker did not move.

"You will need a seat belt, too," the pilot warned him.

"I will stay right where I am," the hijacker insisted. "I can take care of myself."

The plane began its descent. Heavy clouds hid the mountains from view. As the plane came down out of the clouds, the crew saw the danger!

"We're too low! Pull up!" the co-pilot cried. "We are heading straight for that mountain."

"It is too late!" the pilot shouted. "We can't climb fast enough. We're going to crash!"

"Mayday! Mayday!" the co-pilot screamed into his radio microphone.

"I will try to land on that lake," shouted Captain Davidson. "It's our only chance."

The plane skidded across the lake. Water splashed up against the windows. Then, with a horrible crunch, the plane crashed into the rocky shore.

Camping in the Mountains

John was thrown forward with the impact of the crash.

"Susan, are you all right?" he asked, when he caught his breath.

"I think so," Susan answered. "That was a close call."

Susan and John were interrupted by voices from the cockpit.

"He's unconscious. I have his gun," the co-pilot shouted. "Try to get a door open, Captain. I'll pull him out."

"Quick!" Captain Davidson shouted as he ran from the cockpit. "We have to get out of the plane. One of the engines is on fire. The plane may blow up at any minute."

He tried to open the main exit.

"This door is jammed!" the Captain cried. "John, try the emergency window."

John managed to push the window open.

"You go out first, John," ordered the pilot. "We will hand the hijacker out to you."

John crawled out through the window and onto the wing. He helped the pilot move the limp hijacker through the opening.

"Over to those trees," shouted Captain Davidson when they all were safely out of the plane. "We will be safe there."

"We made it!" Susan cried when they got to the trees.

"Just in time," Captain Davidson added, pointing toward the plane. "Look!"

The crew watched in silence. The plane was a mass of flames.

Suddenly, John remembered the hijacker.

"He looks like he is hurt badly," John said. "What happened?"

"He would not fasten his seat belt," Captain Davidson answered. "When we crashed, he smashed his head against the window."

John carefully felt the hijacker's wrist to check his pulse.

"I'm afraid that he is dead," John said.

"He was crazy," Captain Davidson said, shaking his head. "Why do people do things like that?"

"We must be miles from the nearest town," Susan broke in. "Do you think anyone knows where we are?"

"The airline knew that we were headed for Chile," answered the co-pilot. "I also sent out a Mayday call just before we crashed. Someone nearby may have heard it."

"I think we should wait here for someone to rescue us," the pilot suggested. "We would certainly get lost if we tried hiking through these mountains."

"You are probably right," John agreed. "We had better set up camp for the night."

"I will gather some wood for the fire," Susan offered. "It is going to be cold tonight."

Susan was right. The crew spent a long and cold night on the mountain. As they fell asleep, each one wondered when rescue would come.

"I am very hungry," the co-pilot groaned when they woke up the next morning. "I will try to catch some fish for breakfast."

"Susan and I will get some pine branches," John said. "If we put them on the fire, anyone trying to find us will see the smoke. That will help them figure out where we are."

They spent most of the day fishing in the lake and collecting pine branches.

"I wish someone would find us soon," Captain Davidson sighed. "I don't want to spend another night on this mountain."

"I don't either," said Susan, as she threw a pine branch onto the fire.

Suddenly, they heard a noise.

"It sounds like a plane!" John shouted. "Do you think someone has found us already?"

Everyone looked up into the sky. They saw a small plane flying over them.

"They have seen us!" cried Susan. "I hope they can land here. It's very rocky."

"They will probably come back in pontoon planes," the captain told the others. "Pontoon planes can land on water."

"But it's getting dark now," John noticed. "I am afraid that they won't be able to come back until tomorrow."

"Yes, we will have to camp one more night on the mountain," Susan said. "That will not be as bad now that we know that rescue is coming soon."

It was another long night. When morning came, everyone was up with the sun. They waited for the planes to return. Finally, two pontoon planes flew into sight.

"Here they are!" shouted John.

"Thank goodness!" cried Susan.

The planes circled twice. Then they gently landed on the lake and taxied to the shore.

"Hello," called John to a man climbing out of one of the planes. "How did you find us so quickly?"

"You were lucky," the man answered. "Your airline warned us that you were headed for Chile. Two people from Santa Video heard your Mayday call," the man went on. "We started searching the area. You made some very good smoke signals. We saw them from miles away. It didn't take us very long to find you."

"We are happy to see you!" exclaimed Captain Davidson. "I will be very glad to leave this place."

"Why don't all of you climb into the planes?" the man suggested. "We will fly you to Santa Video. You can get warm clothes and a hot meal there."

The crew was relieved as they climbed into the plane.

"What a trip!" John said to Susan as they sat down. "You told me that being an airplane attendant was exciting. You didn't tell me that it was this exciting."

"I hope you still like the job," Susan smiled.

They both laughed. They were glad that the adventure was over.

Changing Children's Occupational Stereotypes with Role-Reversed Stories

Candace Garrett Schau
University of New Mexico

Lynne Kahn
Indiana University

Mary Dudley
University of New Mexico

December, 1977

What Can You Do To Help Your Students Lessen Their Sex-Role Stereotypes?

1. Evaluate your students' books in terms of the sex stereotypes that are presented there.

2. Discuss with your supervisor the possibility of ordering non sexist books. You can write to the following addresses:

a) What Can You Do About Biased Textbooks?

Prepared by: Resource Center on Sex-Roles in Education
National Foundation for the Improvement of Education
1156 Fifteenth Street, NW
Washington, DC 20005

b) Children's Nonsexist Booklist for Preschool, Early Elementary and Late Elementary Committee

Midland Chapter
National Organization for Women
P. O. Box 1243
Midland, MI 48640

c) List of Non-Sexist Books

Lollipop Power, Inc.
P. O. Box 1171
Chapel Hill, NC 27514

d) Nonsexist Books and Information

The Feminist Press
Box 334
Old Westbury
New York, New York 11568

The Women's Action Alliance, Inc.
370 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Activities for Your Students

1. Give the following homework assignment:

Have the children look through their readers or whatever books they have, and write down five different jobs held by men and five different jobs that women hold. (This assignment should be covered on the next class meeting.)

The children will probably have difficulty finding five different jobs held by women (but not men) in their books. The implications of this should be discussed and possible alternate solutions proposed by the students.

2. Give another homework assignment:

Ask the children to watch television commercials and write down six things that women sell and six things that men sell.

The children will discover that most of the women in the television commercials sell kitchen and food items, "beauty" products, clean up materials, or they stroke cars. In contrast, men sell a variety of items and are not restricted to one area. The unequal treatment of the sexes should be discussed based on these observations. As part of the assignments, the children can be encouraged to discuss and evaluate these activities and the results with their parents.

The purpose of the homework assignments is two-fold:

a) to give the children an opportunity to examine their textbooks critically and to discover by themselves the sex biases that exist there and in television commercials.

b) to expose the parents to the sex biases that are present in their children's books and in television commercials. This experience will give them an opportunity to discuss their discoveries with their children.

You will need to be sensitive to some of the responses that the children may hear. Many people say that the media only reflects reality and that society is sexist in exactly the ways portrayed. Is it true that only women wash clothes and cook and that only men work to support themselves and their families?

Examine the Model That Your School Presents to Your Students

1. Who does chores around the school building like opening windows, doors, and jammed locks (everyone, just males, or just females)?

2. Do you consult your male rather than your female colleague for assistance with clerical problems? Or, do you ask either sex for help?

3. Does your principal call all teachers, or just female teachers, by their first names? Do all of the teachers, or just the male teachers, call the principal by his/her first name?

4. Do you permit girls to cry but will not tolerate boys doing it? Or, do you consider crying to be a good form of expressing feelings regardless of the child's sex?

5. Do you allow the boys, but not the girls, in your class to deliver books or other materials, operate audio-visual equipment, and so on? Or, do you involve both sexes equally in tasks such as these?

6. Do you accept the sex biases in your students' textbooks without comment? Or, do you discuss your observations with your class?

7. Do you reward children verbally for expressing interest in traditional career goals? Or, do you encourage nontraditional aspirations too?

8. Do you allow only the boys to play basketball, baseball, hockey, and other sports? Or, do you make sure that both girls and boys receive the same training in physical education?

9. Are there areas in your classroom where mostly boys or mostly girls work and/or play? Why does only one sex utilize that area?

10. Are there learning activities in which mostly boys or mostly girls participate? Why?

It is up to us to become aware of the sex biases in books, materials, and ourselves. We must acquaint the children with the sex-stereotypes so that they will learn to deal with them effectively and be able to adjust to change.

Appendix E

Teacher evaluation forms

Your School ______________________

Grade you teach ______________________

Evaluation of Article for teacher's magazine

Changing Childrens' Occupational Stereotypes with Role-Reversed Stories

1. Was the description of the project clear, understandable, and accurate? Do you have suggestions for improvement?

2. Were the suggestions at the end of the article practical for use in classrooms? Why or why not?

3. Which suggestions do you feel are most useful? Why?

4. Can you think of other suggestions for teachers' activities that we might include in the article?

Your School ______________________

Grade you teach ______________________

Evaluation of project: Changing Children's Occupational Stereotypes With Role Reversal Stories

Candace Garrett
P. Lynne Ein
Institute for Child Study
Indiana University

1. Did you and your students enjoy participating in this project? What did you find especially enjoyable? What did you least enjoy?

2. Do you think the role-reversed stories changed your students' ideas about who can or should do various jobs? How or why not?

3. Did you have any specific problems in implementing the stories comprehension questions, or discussions as we had requested you do them? How did you handle these problems?

4. Would it be useful for you, as teachers, to have materials available in your school of a similar nature to our project stories? Why or why not?

5. Did you and/or your students feel that the issues raised in our stories were important? Why or why not?

6. Did our posttest instrument measure the types of changes that you saw in the students after reading the stories? What inaccuracies can you see? What posttest improvements could you suggest to get more complete information?

Please feel free to use the backs of the pages if more room is needed. Thank you.

Evaluation Form
WEEA Project
School Name________________________________
School Job (e.g., teacher--5th grade, librarian, etc.)
____
Sex of Participant______________

Thank you for participating in this workshop. We would appreciate your evaluation of each part of the workshop, so we can improve it. Please respond anonymously to each question by putting an X on the number that describes your reaction.

I. Part 1: Introduction describing the project idea

1. How much did you learn from Part 1 of this workshop?

Nothing		A medium amount		A great deal
1	2	3	4	5

2. How interesting was Part 1 to you?

Of no interest		Of moderate interest		Of great interest
1	2	3	4	5

3. How useful will Part 1 be to you?

Of no use		Somewhat useful		Very useful
1	2	3	4	5

4. If you have comments about Part 1, please write them here.

3. How useful will Part 3 be to you?

Of no use		Somewhat useful		Very useful
1	2	3	4	5

4. If you have comments about Part 3, please write them here.

IV. Part 4: Group discussion of the relationship of the project to classroom use.

1. How much did you learn from Part 4 of this workshop?

Nothing		A medium amount		A great deal
1	2	3	4	5

2. How interesting was Part 4 to you?

Of no interest		Of moderate interest		Of great interest
1	2	3	4	5

3. How useful will Part 4 be to you?

Of no use		Somewhat useful		Very useful
1	2	3	4	5

4. If you have comments about Part 4, please write them here.

3. How useful will Part 6 be to you?

Of no use		Somewhat useful		Very useful
1	2	3	4	5

4. If you have comments about Part 6, please write them here.

VII. Overall, what do you think of this project?

1. How much did you learn?

Nothing		A medium amount		A great deal
1	2	3	4	5

2. How interested were you in the project?

Not interested		Moderately interested		Very interested
1	2	3	4	5

3. How useful is the project to you as a teacher/principal/etc.?

Of no use		Somewhat useful		Very useful
1	2	3	4	5

4. Any and all comments, both positive and negative, about any aspects of the project will be appreciated.

Thank you for helping us with this project!!

Appendix F

Copies of handouts
used in teacher
workshops

School ________________
Grade you teach ________

Answer the following questions the way you think the students in the class you teach would answer them.

1. Sewing machine operators are people who sew clothing on machines to sell to other people.

Who can be sewing machine operators ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both men and women
d. more men than women
e. only men

2. Fire fighters work at putting out fires.

Who can be fire fighters ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both men and women
d. more men than women
e. only men

3. Airplane pilots are people whose job is flying airplanes.

Who can be airplane pilots ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both men and women
d. more men than women
e. only men

4. Grade school teachers are people who teach kindergarten or one of the first six grades.

Who can be grade school teachers ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

5. Nurses help take care of people when they're hurt or sick.

Who can be nurses ?
a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

6. Store salespeople are people who work in shops or stores selling things to their customers.

Who can be salespeople ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

7. Train engineers are people who are paid to drive trains.

Who can be train engineers ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

8. Elevator operators are people who are paid to run elevators, taking people up and down in tall buildings.

Who can be elevator operators ?

a. ohly women
b. more women than men
c. both owmen and men
d.more men than women
e. only men

9.Mail carriers bring mail to homes and businesses.

Who can be mail carriers ?
a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

10. Ballet dancers are people who work performing for others by dancing gracefully.

Who can be ballet dancers ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

11. Writers are people whose job is using written word to tell others about their thoughts and fellings. They write books, stories, plays, and poems.

Who can be writers ?
a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

12. Carpenters are people who make things out of wood to sell.

Whoc can be carpenters ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

13. Librarians are people who work in libraries checking books in and out.

Who can be librarians ?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

14. House cleaners are people who are paid to keep other people's houses clean.

Who can be house cleaners?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

15. Secretaries are people who work in offices answering telephones, typing letters and papers, and greeting visitors to their offices.

Who can be secretaries ?

a. only women
b. more women then men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

16. Plumbers are people who fix pipes in houses and others buildings.

Who can be plumbers?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

17. Football Coaches are people who coach football teams.

Who can be football coaches?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

18. Restaurant cooks are people who fix meals for the restaurant's customers.

Who can be a restaurant cook?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

19. Bus drivers are people who drive busses, collect tickets, or money, and give directions and information to passengers.

Who can be bus drivers?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

20. Ship captains are people in charge of large boats.

Who can be a ship captain?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both women and men
d. more men than women
e. only men

21. Airplane attendants, flight attendants work on airplanes serving food and drinks. They make the passengers feel safe and comfortable.

Who can be airplane and flight attendants?

a. only women
b. more women than men
c. both men and women
d. more men than women
e. only men

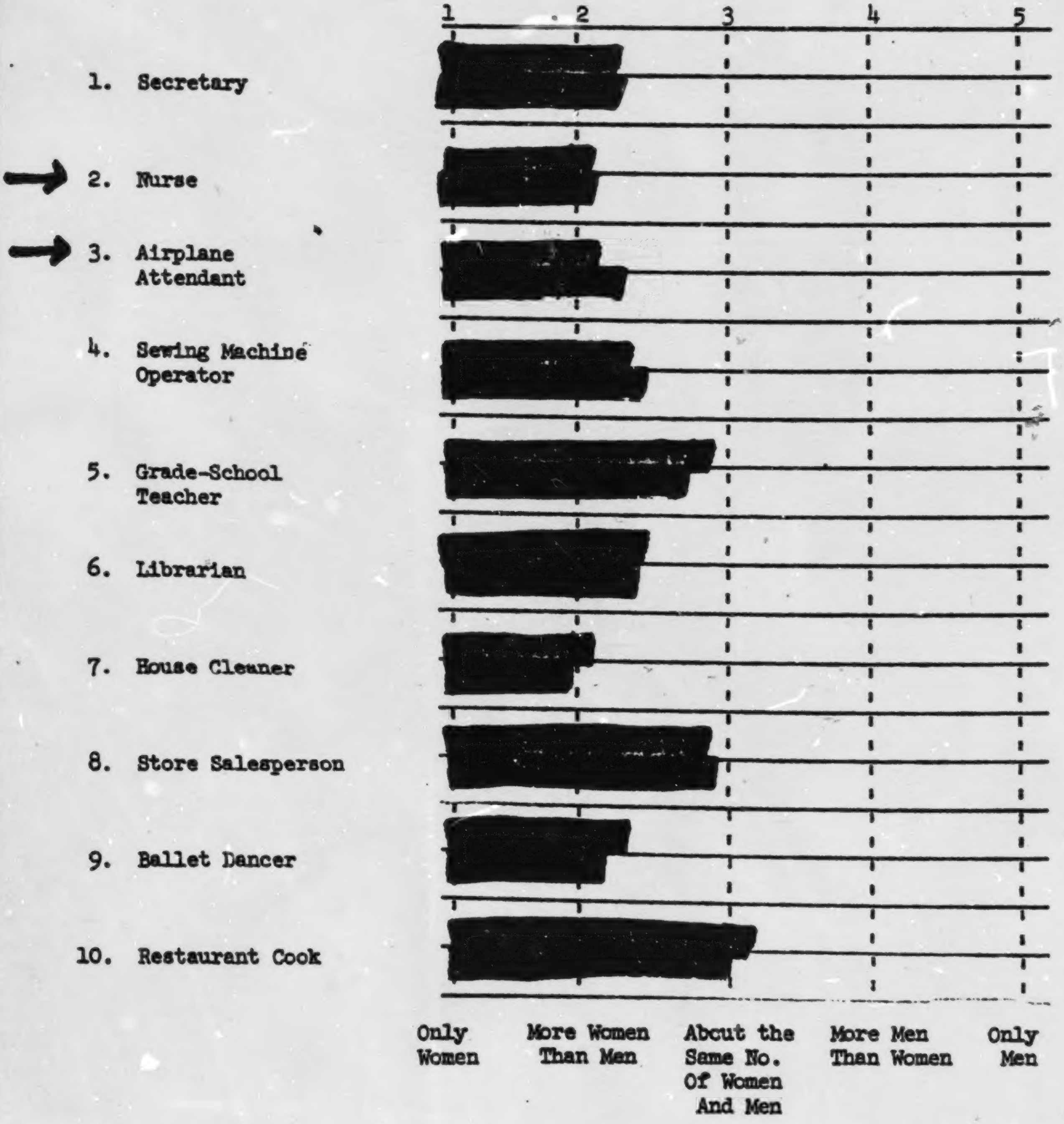
▬ NO STORIES

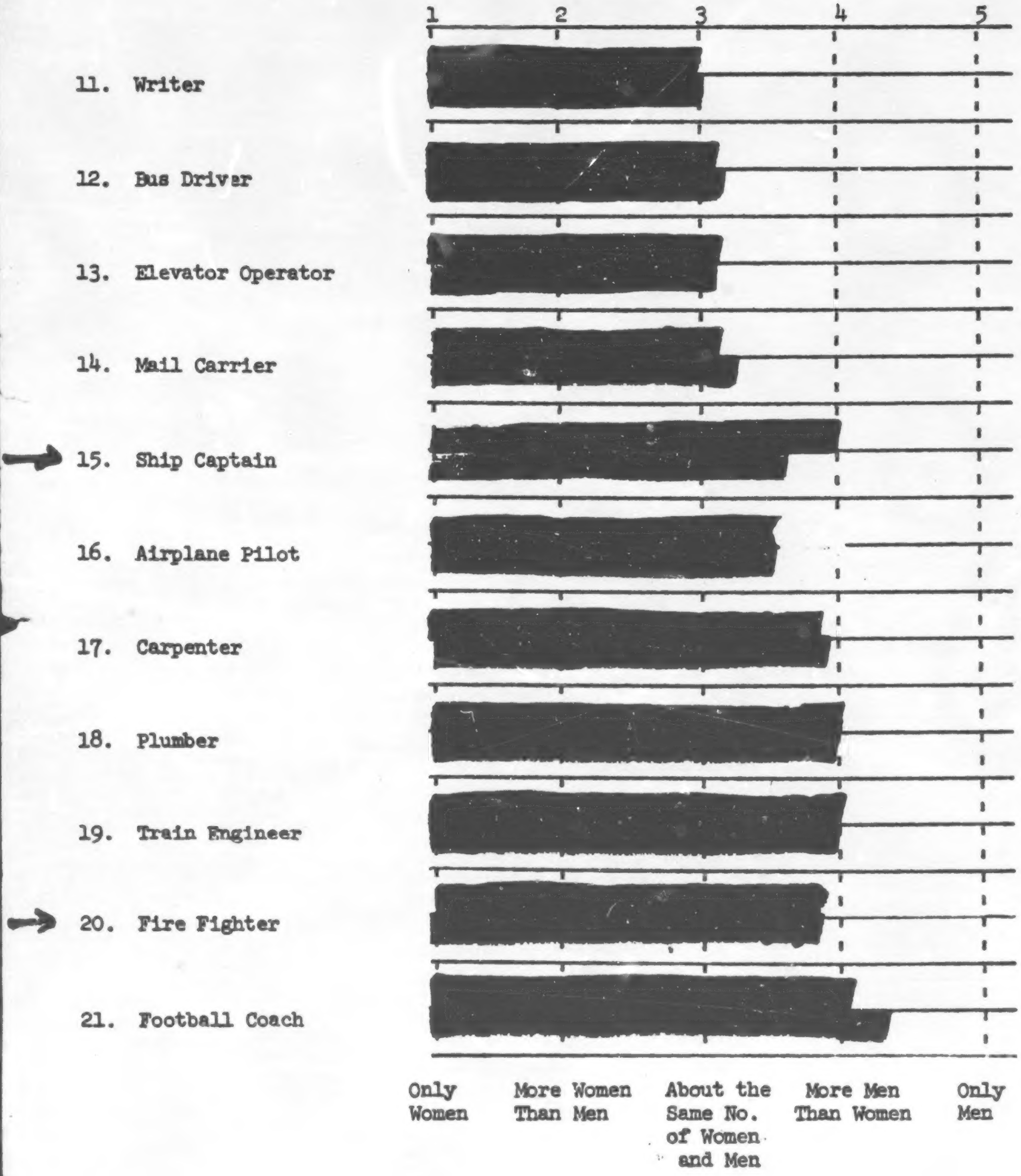
▬ STORIES

→ STORY JOBS

Grade 5
School Woodbrook

CHILDREN'S RATINGS OF OCCUPATIONS




1
2
3
4
5
11. Writer
12. Bus Driver
13. Elevator Operator
14. Mail Carrier
15. Ship Captain
16. Airplane Pilot
17. Carpenter
18. Plumber
19. Train Engineer
20. Fire Fighter
21. Football Coach
Only Women
More Women Than Men
About the Same No. of Women and Men
More Men Than Women
Only Men

The activity which is the subject of this report was supported in whole or in part by the Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. However, the opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the position or policy of the Office of Education, and no official endorsement by the Office of Education should be inferred.